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*The Australian*

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE



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See pages 30-31



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JULY 10, 1957

Vol. 25, No.

## BETTER DEAL FOR Our cover ABORIGINES

THE National Aborigines Day Observance Committee has named July 12 as a special day of appeal to white Australians for a change of heart towards this country's original people.

From church, school, and platform, and with the co-operation of the Department of Native Affairs, the committee plans to stir public opinion on behalf of our oldest Australians.

As the chairman of the committee (Rev. V. W. Coombes) says: "Our aborigines are not a black problem. They are a white problem which we have created and we must solve . . ."

"We must realise that it is a social stigma on us to have aborigines existing under the poor conditions on the fringes of our towns."

This is true, for aborigines trying to bridge thousands of years of history between their society and ours are not responsible for the degraded conditions under which many of them live, or their second-class position as citizens.

Nothing is to be gained by putting the aboriginal on a pedestal and making a fetish of him, but we must encourage and train aborigines, and particularly those who live on our town fringes, to integrate with white society and become valuable working members of it.

This can be done, but only if professional, business, and other white community groups develop sufficient social conscience to realise that the aboriginal minorities of their towns and areas are not a minor black problem to be conveniently ignored but a major white problem to be solved.

• Turbans will be fashion news this spring. The one on our cover, made by Henriette Lamotte, of Sydney, is modelled by Phoebe Macarthur Onslow, who will be one of the mannequins in our Irish Fashion Parades. Cover picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

## CONTENTS

### FICTION

The Scapegoat (Serial, Part 2),  
 Daphne du Maurier . . . 16,  
 Something Growing, Mary Lange Jones  
 The Magic, Rosemary Tibber . . . 20,  
 The Revenge, Gerald Bullett . . . 20,

### SPECIAL FEATURES

Princess Margaret's New Romance  
 Australia's Olympic Girl Swimmers  
 Eartha Kitt, America's "chocolate"  
 pop singer . . . 8,  
 Incredible Yacht Voyage . . . 12,

### FASHION

Turbans . . . 30,  
 Dress Sense, Betty Keep . . .  
 Fashion Frocks . . .  
 Patterns . . .

### FILMS

Comedy of Medicine . . .  
 Film Preview . . .  
 New Aussie Hit Star  
 Reviews . . .

### HOMEMAKING

Cookery in Color . . . 32, 33  
 Pastry Tips . . . 34  
 Home Furniture . . . 36  
 Embroidered Mats . . .  
 Transfers . . .  
 Gardening . . .  
 Prize Recipes . . .

### REGULAR FEATURES

TV Parade, Nan Muirgrove . . . 10  
 Social . . . 15  
 Readers' Letters . . . 26  
 Ross Campbell . . . 26  
 These Are Australian . . . 27  
 Here's Your Answer . . . 28  
 Sweet and Sour . . . 28  
 It Seems to Me, Dorothy Drain . . .  
 Worth Reporting . . .  
 Strange but True . . .  
 Beauty Stars . . .  
 Mandrake . . .  
 Teena . . .  
 Crossword . . .

## BOOK REVIEW by HELEN FRIZELL

## This man became a legend in the Pacific

"One Man War," subtitled "The Jock McLaren Story," tells of Scottish-Australian who after escaping from Changi camp late became a behind-the-lines fighter in the war against the Japanese.

WITH a reward of 70,000 pesos on his head, McLaren joined native guerrillas in the Philippines and carried out reconnaissance work in Borneo.

McLaren, surviving fever, jungles, and battles, died two years ago at his New Guinea home; ironically, the cause was a fall of rotting timber.

But before he died he told his story to journalist Hal Richardson, author of "One Man War."

Richardson says: "McLaren read the MSS of this book before he was killed, and . . . asked me to point out that the fighting and privations were shared by guerrilla fighters, Australians and others, much braver than himself. If I failed to do that I'm sure I could

expect to find him lying in wait for me in some eternal ambush. That's the way I think of Jock McLaren."

McLaren, when captured at the fall of Singapore, was no youngster. Aged 42, he had fought in World War I, later worked as a veterinary officer in Queensland until the outbreak of World War II, when he joined the Eighth Division.

Recaptured after his first escape in Malaya, he was shipped to Borneo. From there, with other companions, he paddled a canoe to the Philippines, joined a team of native guerrillas, and fearlessly took part in raids by land and sea.

In a strange way, he fitted into this new desperate life. Of it he said: "The way I look at it is this. When you are in the lines you are under a direct command, and you do as you're told. When you get

into real trouble, the command should be able to tell you out, but they don't always do it. When you're behind the lines and get yourself into trouble, you've got to look after yourself. That's the way I like it."

His exploits were fantastic. McLaren and his small group harassed the Japs, as well as giving intelligence reports to radio to headquarters in Australia.

And, as if he did not have enough danger in his life, McLaren operated on himself with a razor blade, taking a half hour to extract an appendix.

"One Man War" is a written and of absorbing interest. What it lacks is a photograph of this man who became a legend in the Pacific.

Copy from the public Angus and Robertson.



## New Knitting Fashions?

Yes! The fashion's new — and they've been Lux-washed six times!

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# 'Operation Mercy Lift' for Koalas



**CATCHING OPERATION.** Don McLeod climbs with a lasso on the end of a pole. He works the noose round the koala's shoulders and jerks it off into a tarpaulin below.



**A KOALA** speeds up a tree away from the catchers with surprising agility for such a tubby little animal. These pictures were taken by staff photographer Gary Linney.

## Experts move 200 to new tree homes

By BARBARA WALLIS, staff reporter

● When approximately 200 acres of Phillip Island were destroyed by fire recently, a quick survey by the watchful Victorian Fisheries and Game Department showed that there would not be enough food for the island's 450 koalas.

**I**N a race against time, before poisonous new shoots, which are deadly to koalas, grew on the burnt trees, department experts moved about 200 from the island to different parts of Victoria.

Koalas eat these shoots, which produce a compound of cyanide, when they can't get flourishing gum trees. There were not enough trees for all; so some koalas had to be lifted to greener pastures.

At the same time nearly 1000 island residents planted 2000 trees during an Arbor Day organised to provide new fodder for the remaining koalas.

For the mercy lift, John McNally, the department's senior research officer, his assistant, Ian Felsted, and department inspectors camped on the island for two weeks, catching about 30 koalas a day for transport to liberation areas at Buchan, in East Gippsland, the Watts River Valley, near Healesville, the Hanging Rock Reserve, near Woodend, and Halls Gap, in the Grampians.

Catching koalas, the gentle-faced, cuddly little marsupials of world-wide fame, is not a game. Normally friendly and unaggressive, a koala hauled by a rope from a 30-foot gum tree can attack with sharp claws and razor-keen teeth.

First Don McLeod, who organised the catching operation, climbed a tree with a rope attached to a long pole. The end of the rope was knotted into a noose, specially tied so it could not tighten and harm the target.

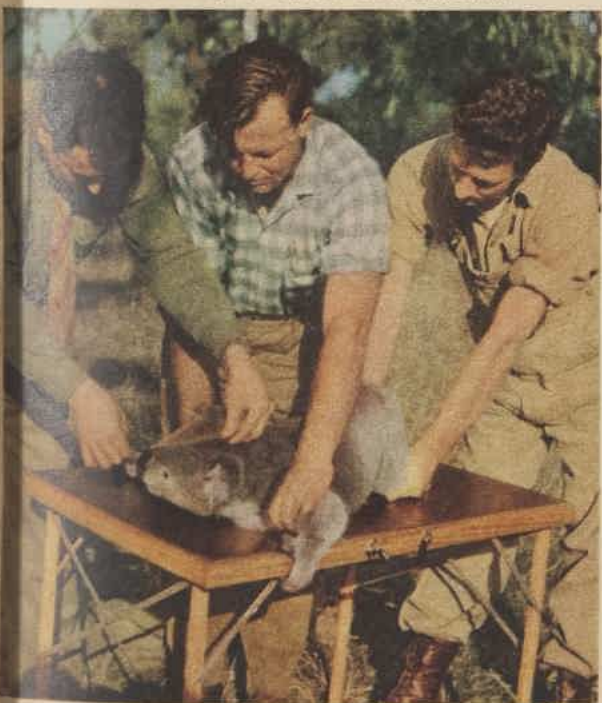
While the koala looked shocked and disbelieving at this trespass in its tree home, Don slipped the noose around its shoulders and pulled it off the branch, letting it fall into a tarpaulin held fireman-style below.

From the tarpaulin the koala went into a sack to calm it for a few minutes before John McNally weighed and measured it for research files.

Often while he measured, three men had to hold the bigger animals, which scratched and bit. But put into wooden crates supplied with gum leaves, the koalas soon quietened and even allowed their captors to pat their heads.

The koalas were crated with care. Two large bulls put into the same crate could take a dislike to each other. A female with a joey in her pouch got a crate to herself.

*Continued overleaf*

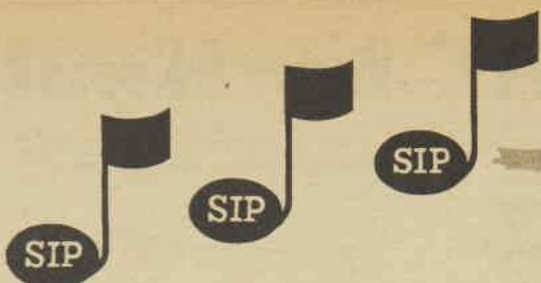


**MEASURING** a koala is John McNally (left), helped by Phil Rhodes (centre) and Ian Felsted. All the captured koalas were weighed and measured before being transported to the mainland.

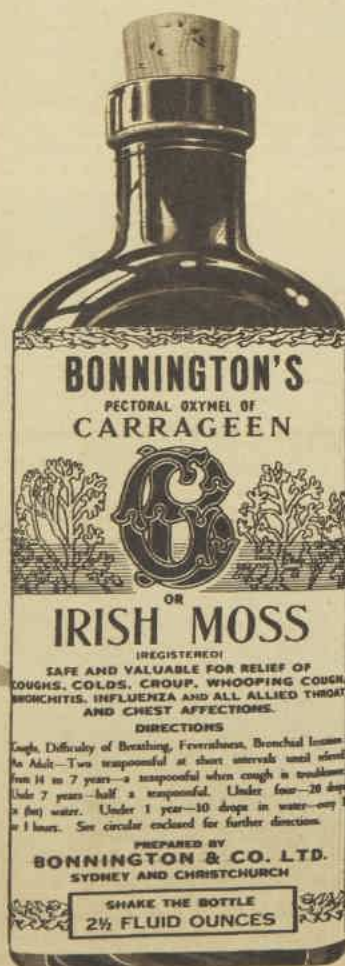


**TWO-MONTHS-OLD JOEY** is held by John McNally, of the Fisheries and Game Department. It was quickly returned to its mother, and they travelled in a separate crate.





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and stores.

Continued from page 3



ORGANISERS of Arbor Day, when 2000 gum trees were planted on Phillip Island, were Mrs. W. A. Mallory, Mr. Edward Patton, Mr. Fred Pickersgill, and Mr. E. H. Shaw.

### "Operation Mercy Lift"

## Arbor Day restocks koalas' pantry

● The pride Phillip Islanders take in their koala population guaranteed the success of the Arbor Day, which they hope to make an annual event.

THE day was suggested by former school-teacher Mrs. W. A. Mallory, wife of an island sheep farmer.

Remembering an Arbor Day organised by the Education Department, she thought of a similar planting when fires burnt through the koalas' feeding grounds.

It was a community effort in which nearly 1000 of the island's 1180 residents took part.

The National Resources Conservation League, under the supervision of Mr. Alec Wilkie, supplied most of the trees. Preparation and the planting was organised by Mr. Fred Pickersgill, ranger for the island's Koala Management Committee.

Mrs. E. G. Roberts has promised to make available 160 acres of land for planting; from the estate of the late Dave Forrest has come a promise of another five acres.

And from the Arbor Day has grown a Tree Planting Association of which Mrs. Mallory is secretary and sheep farmer Edward Patton president.

It is unlikely that any of the animals moved by the Fisheries and Game Department will be returned to the island.

The natural increase from the remaining koalas should keep pace with the growth of the trees.

Mr. John McNally, the senior research officer who organised the mercy lift, said the department had cared for koalas on Phillip Island for more than 30 years. Each year the numbers were counted and the trees surveyed.

If food should be scarce some were moved to picked places on the mainland.

In the past three years 1000 koalas have been taken from French Island, near

Phillip Island, to the mainland.

Mr. McNally said that sometimes in large areas koalas were so scattered that they often lived a solitary life without meeting a member of the opposite sex.

On Phillip Island there was a surplus of male koalas and he had tried to remove more males than females.

The first koalas were brought to Phillip Island by the Graydens, a family of farmers, at the end of the last century.

There they thrived, becoming, with penguins, a famous tourist attraction.

Islanders are used to seeing koalas walking down the main street, even scratching at their back doors for refuge when chased by dogs.

Mr. E. H. Shaw, president of the Phillip Island Progress Association, tells the story of the American visitor who would not believe him when he said he had seen a koala walking down the main street and in and out of several shops.

"Just as I was protesting the truth of the story I looked out of the window of my store and saw a koala going into the milk-bar opposite," said Mr. Shaw. "Imagine how the American's eyes popped!"

Now completely protected animals, koalas in earlier times were slaughtered indiscriminately.

Estimated koala population of Victoria, now on the increase, is between 20,000 and 30,000.

### Book now for Irish Fashion Parades

● Famous designer Sybil Connolly's modern Irish fashion story, told in a fabulous collection of clothes, specially created for Australia, will be launched at David Jones Ltd. on August 10.

Preferential bookings are already open for this glamorous evening of fashion, proceeds from which will benefit the Old People's Welfare Council of N.S.W.

Tickets for the Australian premiere in the Great Restaurant of David Jones' Elizabeth Street store are £3/3/-. Applications should be made by letter to David Jones Ltd. or inquiries made at the Information Desk on the ground floor of the Elizabeth Street store.

If applying by mail, please endorse the envelope "Irish Fashion Parade."

The gala premiere, at which a champagne supper will be served, begins a season of twice-daily parades at David Jones Ltd., from August 12 to August 21.

Daily afternoon parades will start at 3.15. Tickets will be 10/6, which includes afternoon tea. Special Business Girl parades will start each evening at 6.30. Tickets will cost 7/6, and will include light refreshments.

Bookings will open for the daily parades on July 29, when a special booking kiosk will take reservations at David Jones' Elizabeth Street store.



# Lord Patrick and the Princess

● Ignoring interest and speculation about romance, Princess Margaret, who will be 27 on August 21, obviously enjoyed the escort of 23-year-old Lord Patrick Beresford, her companion at Royal Ascot.

**L**ORD PATRICK, a lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards, is a wealthy Irishman, and a brother of the 24-year-old Marquess of Waterford.

During Ascot he was a guest of the Royal Family at Windsor Castle, rode with the Princess, and danced with her.

A keen polo player, Lord Patrick is secretary of the Brigade Polo Club of the Royal Horse Guards. Prince Philip is club president, and it was he who suggested that his friend be invited to join the Windsor house-party.

Lord Patrick's full name is Patrick Tristram de la Poer Beresford. He and his brother are the only children of the seventh Marquess of Waterford, who died in 1934, aged 33. Twelve years later their mother married Lieut.-Colonel John Eric Durnford Silcock.

Lord Patrick is heir-presumptive to his brother, the eighth marquess, who is Earl of and Viscount Tyrone, Baron Beresford of Beresford, County Cavan, Baron La Poer of Curraghmore, County Waterford, in Ireland, a baronet of Ireland, and Baron Tyrone, of Haverfordwest, County Pembroke, in Great Britain.

On July 23 the Marquess will marry Lady Caroline

Wyndham-Quin, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Dunraven, in the little parish church at Adare, in County Limerick.

Lord Patrick will be best man, but Princess Margaret will not be there. She has a heavy official programme in England that day.

On their way to Ireland for the wedding are Mr. and Mrs. George Stuart de la Poer Beresford, from Claremont, Western Australia.

Mr. Beresford, now 79, was born in Adelaide. He is a cousin of the Marquess and Lord Patrick.

## Connolly gown

**F**OR the wedding, Irish designer Sybil Connolly is dressing the bride, Lady Caroline, in embroidered organza, her sister, Lady Melissa, in orchid-pink organza, and the pages in Irish linen suits.

Meanwhile Lord Patrick, who is now back with his regiment, has announced that he and 21-year-old socialite Joanne Smith-Bingham are "just good friends."

His announcement followed a London newspaper report that Joanne was mortified by Princess Margaret's attentions to Lord Patrick. At the same time, the newspaper said that an engagement had been ru-

mored between Joanne and the guardsman.

The Beresfords are descendants of a family established in Ireland in 1179. Thomas, an early English Beresford, fought at Agincourt. He had five daughters and 16 sons.

Richard de la Poer, first Earl of Tyrone, and grandfather of George de la Poer Beresford, first Marquess of Waterford, died a Jacobite prisoner in the Tower of London in 1690.

In the 1870s a member of the Beresford family settled in Australia, and there are Beresfords in New South Wales, Victoria, Western Australia, and South Australia.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus de la Poer Beresford, of Thoko, New South Wales, have named their property "Curraghmore" after the family seat in Ireland.

Other relatives in New South Wales are Mr. and Mrs. John de la Poer Beresford, Turramurra; Mrs. Nathalie Beresford, Gore Hill; Mr. and Mrs. John Beresford Wills Rischbieth, Pymble; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mordant de la Poer Beresford, Harstville; and Margaret Pamela de la Poer Beresford, who married Captain Eric McCormick, of the Royal Australian Regiment, in 1953.

Mr. Arthur Beresford is a twin brother of George, who is attending the Irish wedding.

The family coat-of-arms bears the words "Nil nisi cruce"—"No dependence but in the Cross."



IN A MORNING SUIT and grey top hat, Lord Patrick walks with Princess Margaret from the paddock after they had watched the Queen's horse Almeria win the Ribblesdale Stakes.



**ABOVE:** The Royal Box. In front are Princess Margaret, Lord Patrick behind her, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Queen, thrilled with her racing win.


**RIGHT:** Princess Margaret rides with Lord Patrick Beresford. They were among the Royal party who had an impromptu race down the straight at Ascot.

**LEFT:** Happy Princess Margaret talks to Captain Charles Moore, the Queen's racing manager. Beside the Queen is her trainer, Captain Boyd-Rochfort.



**POLO-PLAYER** Lord Patrick ready to compete in the Royal Windsor Cup. The Princess watched the game and later said to Lord Patrick, "You'd better go and change now."





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Page 6

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 10, 1935



# SWIM STARS FOR U.S. TOUR

● Australian swimming champions and Olympic gold medalists Lorraine Crapp and Dawn Fraser will leave for America this week on a tour of invitation appearances at swimming championships and carnivals.

MRS. GEORGE QUINTON, treasurer of the Victorian Women's Amateur Swimming Association, is accompanying the girls as manager and chaperon. On their first appearance—at Honolulu's Keo Nakama

carnival, which runs from July 10 to 14 — Lorraine Crapp expects to startle swimming colleagues with a sensational racing costume.

Of her own design, the costume is made of navy-blue nylon and terylene, weighs only four ounces, has two buttoning shoulder-straps, fitted

bra, and a front panel forming a half-skirt.

Lorraine has packed six of these costumes in her luggage. So has her friend and rival, Dawn Fraser.

The swimsuits have been made by the firm where Lorraine is assistant secretary to the managing director.

"These costumes are really something," said Frank Guthrie, Lorraine's coach for eight years.

"Most girl swimmers have always been worried by standard racing costumes. They found them hard to get into.

"There was always a danger of the material ripping or straps giving way as the garments were being put on. Also, the old-style models were rather transparent.

"Lorraine's invention of two buttoning shoulder-straps makes the costume easy to put on."

Between swims, Lorraine, a sun-tanned 18-year-old, of Concord, N.S.W., will wear the green-and-gold track suit which she wore at Melbourne's Olympics, where she gained two gold medals—one for the relay, the other for a 400-metres dash in the record time of 4 minutes 54.6 seconds.

Under Frank Guthrie's supervision Lorraine has spent the past few weeks at Townsville's Tobruk Olympic Pool, covering three miles a day and training to break five and a

quarter minutes for 440 yards.

"I think it's possible Lorraine could swim even better than in 1956," said coach Guthrie.

"She's older now, and her physique is different. She's grown taller, and would swim nearly half a stone lighter than at the Olympics.

"In three weeks' training she accomplished more than at any other similar time."

Lorraine has kept to a simple diet, eating lots of vegetable salads, "short-cooked" vegetables, drinking milk, and adding vitamin tablets now and again.

For some time after the Olympics she "gave swimming away," entering the water only when her VJ sailing-boat captained in races with the Concord and Rhodes Sailing Club on the Parramatta River.

Now she's ready to race again, and her rivals will include new American star 13-year-old Chris von Saltz, a leading middle-distance swimmer, sprinter Mollie Botkin, and Olympians Shelley Mann, Nancy Ramey, and Carin Come.

From Honolulu, where Guthrie "can't imagine her keeping out of the surf at Waikiki," Lorraine and Dawn will go to the United States Outdoor Championships, at Houston, Texas, from August 10 to 12.

"The championships are being conducted this year by Houston University," said Frank Guthrie.

"It's the university that offered Lorraine a scholarship—which she declined.



DAWN FRASER puts the finishing touches to two of the skirts she made herself for her tour of America.

"I think that by inviting Lorraine and Dawn over there the University, which aims to make swimming a top sport, hopes they will change their minds and stay."

## New clothes

BEFORE racing at Houston, Lorraine and Dawn will appear in other American cities, including Denver, Los Angeles, and Colorado. Nineteen-year-old Dawn Fraser found time, during her intensive training schedule, to make some new clothes for the trip.

In odd hours at the sewing machine she made two pairs of shorts, two peasant skirts, and some tops.

The pale blue strawcloth shorts, with patch pockets edged in a frill of pink linen, are Dawn's own design.

One of the skirts is in a contemporary patterned cotton of about six bright colors, and the other, a black linen, is trimmed with green braid and white straw.

Most of the tops have scoop necklines or shoulder-string ties.

As well as her three black racing bathers, Dawn is taking a striking black-and-white bikini in a leopard-skin print, a white guipure lace bikini, and a blue one-piece costume embroidered with black glitter braid.

Her Olympic uniforms have been spruced for the trip, and she also is taking three large towels embroidered with her name, presented by the South Australian Amateur Swimming Association before the Olympic Games, and 12 South Australian swimming medals to swap for American medals.

Dawn, who shared the Olympic relay victory with Lorraine, and holds the 100 metres freestyle world swimming title (she has broken the record three times in 18 months), considers a pair of flat, V-strap Hawaiian sandals among the most im-

portant items in her luggage.

"I live in them," she said. "I slip into them as soon as I get out of the water, and never catch a cold through walking on cold floors."

Dawn has had to renew most of her wardrobe since the Games because, through training, she has broadened her shoulders and slimmed her waist.

"I'm just a crazy fiend about sweaters just now," she said. "I hope to buy a few in America."

Dawn trained hard for three months for the American visit, and gave up her job to concentrate.

She arrived at the baths each day at 7.30 a.m. for a warm-up before breakfast, and spent the rest of the morning weightlifting with a 50lb. bell-bar.

During the afternoons she swam for three and a half hours.

In the past three weeks she abandoned weightlifting and concentrated only on swimming.

There is a young carpenter in Townsville who follows Dawn's career with more than a sporting interest, and who will receive firsthand accounts of the American trip from the champion herself.

"His name is Michael Hall," Dawn said. "We met when I was up north training for the Olympics, and we like each other very much."

"He is a surf swimmer, and surfing is one of my favorite pastimes."

Dawn has no plans for marriage, but says she would like to build her home in Adelaide, because she has many friends of her own age there.

"And Michael," she said, "likes Adelaide as well as Townsville."



LORRAINE CRAPP pauses for a breather between laps at Townsville's Tobruk Memorial Baths, where she trained for the tour of invitation appearances in America.

## Homesick star flies home

LONDON.—Sydney-born Elaine Fifiel, the first Australian to reach the stardom of a Sadler's Wells ballerina, is returning to Sydney this week for a six months' season with the Borovansky Ballet.

TRAVELLING with the 24-year-old ballerina is her three-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Margaret Selina.

"I was homesick and longing to go back to Australia," Elaine said as she packed for her air trip.

"I have no definite plans beyond a six months' season, but I do intend to make my home and bring up my daughter in Australia."

In private life Elaine is Mrs. John Lanchbery. Her husband is conductor of the Sadler's Wells Ballet (now the Royal Ballet, Covent Garden) Orchestra.

Elaine, whose name ranks with the ballet "greats" and who has been considered a likely future successor to Dame Margot Fonteyn, has had six ballets created for her. "Although I enjoy all ballet, I think my favorite is 'Sylphides,'" she said.

It was in "Les Sylphides" that Elaine made her last appearance at Covent Garden. "Nobody knew it was my last," she said. "I had not finally decided to leave, but when I said I really wanted

to go home everyone was very sweet to me."

A director of the Royal Ballet said: "We will miss Elaine very deeply."

One of the dancers said: "We all loved Elaine, and the company is feeling a great sense of loss."

A member of the management said: "No other ballerina has had anything like the build-up Sadler's Wells gave Elaine Fifiel. We hope she will come back."

Excited at the thought of the trip was the star's daughter Margaret. "I'm going to meet Grandma Fifiel and lots of cousins," she said. "I'll have plenty of children to play with in Australia, too."

Grandma is Mrs. Leonard Fifiel, of Concord, N.S.W., who, when interviewed at her home, said: "Elaine has been telling Margaret about her family in Australia. If Margaret remembers what she's been told she'll know about her grandparents, her Uncle Ray and his wife, and her two-year-old cousin Bruce."

"I'm the only one who has seen Margaret. I went to London to be with Elaine when the baby was born.



BALLERINA Elaine Fifiel walking with her 3½-year-old daughter, Margaret, before leaving for Australia.

"I know Elaine has been homesick. Ten years is a long time to be away from your country."

"Until last year," said Mrs. Fifiel, "Elaine had an Australian nurse, Miss Val Foster, for Margaret. Val is now a sister with the Far West Clinic."

"I met Val when I was travelling to England and she and Elaine were friends from the start."

"We are hoping that Val will be able to come to Sydney to see Elaine. This time we'll be looking after Margaret while Elaine goes on with her dancing."



# EARTHA STUMBLES IN "SHINBONE ALLEY"



**BUSY LINE.** Lying on a green couch in a dressing-room at Broadway Theatre, New York, colored star Eartha Kitt answers a crimson telephone that rang 10 times while she was interviewed and photographed by Robert Feldman, of our New York staff.

● That undomesticated feline named Eartha Kitt, whose unique gifts are capable of turning maharajahs into small boys bearing large diamonds, has just flopped on Broadway.

IT'S not Eartha's fault, nor are New Yorkers particularly to blame. They love their cafe-au-lait temptress just as much as do the British, French, Turks, Israelis, etc.

It's just that her latest vehicle, an off-beat musical entitled "Shinbone Alley," wasn't a money-maker.

The play, based on the fable of archy and mehitabel, the lower-case principals of a long-defunct newspaper column by Don Marquis in the New York "Sun," was as unconvincing as it was unconventional.

The casting was inspired, with Eartha playing mehitabel, the "toujours gai" alley cat, but the whole production had more figure than plot movement, with little enough of either.

The book wasn't even faithful to the original rather melancholy fable, in which everyone comes unstuck at the end. In "Shinbone" mehitabel strains credulity by reforming to "go legit" with archy, the philosophical cockroach played by Eddie Bracken.

Neither "Shinbone Alley" nor an earlier Broadway drama, "Mrs. Patterson," has won Eartha the acting kudos she wants.

Why then does she worry about acting when she has already

achieved fame as a singer and dancer in nightclubs, where she earns the bulk of her income of nearly 250,000 dollars (£A118,000) a year? It probably has something to do with the insecurity of her childhood and adolescence.

"I can't afford to be just good, because too many people are just good," she says. "I want to be an artist who will be respected for 20, 30, 40, 50 years."

**Story and pictures by  
ROBERT FELDMAN,  
of our New York staff**

This search for respect may account for some of her bizarre activities, of which noteworthy examples are:

- Her impulsive visits to the late Professor Einstein and recently to Prime Minister Nehru of India.
- Writing, without assistance, her autobiography, published last year under the title "Thursday's Child."
- A wanderlust that takes her to strange lands.

Despite her success, Eartha is essentially the same undisciplined, emotional girl she was in pigtails in Harlem.

Offstage she prefers serious subjects—world peace, religion—and discusses them in a way that is half-educated but obviously sincere.

She reads prolifically—"four books a week when I'm working, more when I have more free time." On her dressing-room table there were, indeed, four books. The top one was Colonel Nasser's "Egypt's Lib-



**DRESSED** for her role of mehitabel, the alley cat, in "Shinbone Alley," Eartha shows off a toy mascot. Despite the presence of Eartha and Eddie Bracken, the play was a flop. Eartha has been asked to visit Australia, but "always something else came up."



**AT HER MAKE-UP TABLE,** lavishly equipped with cosmetics and decorated with flowers, Eartha studies her face in the wide mirror. Next year she will go to Britain to make a film based on her autobiography, "Thursday's Child," written last year.



## New York was not amused

eration," and I asked her for a capsule opinion of Egypt's leader.

"Nasser's views aren't in coincidence with lots of people's, so they call him an enemy and other names as well," she said. "I like to look into the minds of these leaders to see what makes them tick."

Miss Kitt is more forthright on subjects and situations with which she is familiar, like fending off telephone callers, handling her public relations, and boiling over with fury about the negro segregation issue in the Southern States.

Talking on a crimson telephone, she refused someone asking her for a Sunday date.

"Sunday? Impossible," she said. "I don't do anything on Sunday. Just stay at home and play with my cats . . . Yes, I devote the whole day to them."

I asked how would she say the average American attitude compared with people's beliefs and customs elsewhere.

"I am an American and I like this country best," she said. "But in many ways the people here have become frightened of self-expression. We've only become concerned with security and living it up on the instalment plan. Spiritual things are becoming downtrodden."

"And taxes! They've become so high. And now 'Ike' is asking for more money. Soon we're gonna stop giving and start taking. Look out!"

I asked her opinion of Australia, which she had intended to visit last year en route from India.

"Australia?" she said blankly. "It's a country."

Had she met any Australian men overseas, and what did she think of them?

"I wouldn't put them in any special category. Men are men"—resignedly—"no matter where they come from."

Eartha stretched out on a portable table while a masseur began to knead her arms and legs.

"About sex appeal," she said. "If I was conscious of it I wouldn't have it. Being conscious of something tends to destroy it."

"I can't understand why men seem to regard me as sexy."

Eartha harbors a deep resentment against Lady Mountbatten for intruding on her interview with Mr. Nehru in New Delhi early this year.

"I asked to see him because I just wanted to talk and look into his mind," she said. "When I got there I found Lady Mountbatten had arrived. The woman was too obtrusive. It was impossible to establish any sort of rapport with Nehru. He struck me as remote, a cold fish."

It was reported at the time that Eartha arrived for the dinner in a "clinging gold lame gown."

Later, on a TV interview programme, Eartha was asked if she would marry Nehru.

She replied: "That's a very silly question. Of course I would if I was inclined to be in love with him. But one or the other of us would have to go into the background."

Eartha isn't going into the background. She is busy doing "Mrs. Patterson" at fashionable resorts before resuming her film career in "St. Louis Blues" in Hollywood.

**RIGHT:** Eartha steps out in a dance from "Shinbone Alley," partnered by Eddie Bracken, who co-starred as archy, the fabled cockroach.





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## TELEVISION PARADE

● Many romantic songs have been written about people who can't say goodbye. These songs seem to have spread the idea that a lengthy goodbye is a virtue. This belief is a trial to TV's personality boys, who suffer anguish as, their job finished, they linger on the screen.

THE long goodbye causes anguish to the viewers, too—it is only the inhuman who could get any enjoyment from it.

Some of the sufferers have taken positive steps. The most successful yet, in my opinion, is Mr. Bob Dyer, who at one of his appearances steps aboard a platform on which he disappears pairlessly, like the Wurlitzer organ at the State Theatre.

This is just as well, as Mr. D's happy smile fixed in what is technically called "the slow dissolve" is harrowing.

Another Channel 7, ATN man to take steps is that excellent news reader Mr. Brian Wright, who is generally dissolved twice a session. The dissolve for the middle commercial was the most painful viewing. Now Mr. Wright puts his head down, takes up a pencil, and, disregarding the camera, writes memos to himself.

But the greatest sufferer from the long goodbye is, I think, Channel 9's cheerful news reader Chuck Faulkner. He goes through hell. The anguish shows in every line of his face. I don't wonder. Sometimes in the news he is dissolved three times.

Mr. Robert Kennedy, of Channel 9, TCN's TV Town Talk, gains nothing from the slow dissolve either. He adopts a device which he describes as "getting on with tomorrow's column."

This involves him in what seems like anything up to two minutes (it is probably only two seconds) giving a grim rendition on his typewriter of "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party."

Channel 2, ABN seems to have trained its announcers to be more inhibited about their suffering. They look modestly down as their stint finishes, but they can't quite hide all their feelings.

I don't know who it is who won't let these gentlemen say goodbye, but surely something could be done to make their farewells more interesting.

Studio executives could perhaps proclaim an open season when studio announcers could shout "cut" at the cameraman.

The viewer has the supreme weapon, the switch to another channel. He may hesitate if he can get some entertainment out of the situation.

It is not much fun shouting abuse at any image that only smiles back at you in anguish. Why not give these gentlemen cards to flash at the viewers? I can think of many inscriptions for them, but "And the same to you" would quieten me.

Anyway, in the interest of good TV, let us have good-byes so short that they're almost rude.



TV HUSBAND-AND-WIFE TEAM Peter and Margaret Bernardos, of Channel 9, TCN, study the script of a show. Peter, 29, is one of TCN's group of youthful TV directors. Peter and Margaret were married in May, when the whole of the ceremony at All Saints', Woolloohra, was televised. Margaret is a script assistant on three of her husband's shows, which include the popular panel show "What's My Line?" on Channel 9, TCN, Sunday nights at 8.

I WAS quite wrong about Melbourne people being more honest than those in Sydney. During the week ended June 25 there were 3260 TV licences issued in Melbourne, which is an Australian record. In the previous week there were two Melbourne prosecutions and fines for failure to obtain licences.

Incidentally, the total number of licences issued in the Commonwealth to June 25 is 68,562. In £5 licence fees this

the current week's prices, but gains, and detailed shopping information to ease the week-end shopping.

There are 100 prizes to be won by the studio audience and viewers, and once a month a mammoth competition will be run with a prize of a holiday at Hayman Island for two.

Between all this there's more music from Paula Langdon, Paul Knight, and Colleen Cahill.

By **NAN MUSGROVE**

adds up to £342,916 for the Postmaster-General's Department, and at an average cost of £200 a set, £13,712,400 for the dealers. That's a lot of money in anyone's language.

CHANNEL 9, TCN has dreamed up a Thursday afternoon show that I feel is going to cause a rash of soup-and-sandwich lunch clubs all over the viewing area.

The show, called "Thursday at 1," is two hours of variety. It will be a treat for the busy housewife, coming as it does between the morning's work and the arrival home of the children from school.

Jacqueline Kott is the compere of this entirely live show starting on Thursday, July 4, at 1 p.m., when Joan Hammond, Ronald Dowd, and Elsie Morison will sing.

Hayes Gordon will be there, too, and in a new role will introduce you to the police graphologist, Dr. Ernest Alexander, who will talk to viewers about handwriting.

There's sterner stuff, too. Each week in an R.S.P.C.A. show, a stray dog will be given to a viewer, plus a book on dog care.

I almost forgot the Housewives' Newsreel. It gives you

I AM pleased to let all inquirers know that the music to which Mr. Eric Baume marches on to the screen in "This I Believe" and marches off again is H. Clifford "Naval Occasions," not "Alla luia, Baume Again."

THE National Youth Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Gordon Day, will be telecast by Channel 7, ATN on Sunday, July 14, from 3 p.m. to 5 p.m. The orchestra is composed of young people between the ages of 15 and 25. It was founded 2½ years ago by Mr. Day, who is Randwick High School's music teacher.

The concert telecast "live" from ATN's huge Studio "A" will be directed by Kevin Ryder, one of Channel 7's directors. He has had a lot of experience with the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in their telecasts of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra.

It is an interesting programme. The overture is Rossini's "Thieving Magpie." The 70-piece orchestra will also play the Grieg Piano Concerto in A Minor, the "Pineapple Poll" ballet music and the ballet music from Gounod's "Faust."

The programme will also include the Vaughan Williams arrangement of "Greensleeves" for strings, flutes, and harp and Tchaikovsky's "Dance of the Swans" for woodwinds.



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# FAMILY'S MID-OCEAN PERIL



THE SMEETON FAMILY aboard *Tzu Hang*. This picture was taken when the yacht dropped anchor in Sydney after crossing the Pacific. From left: Mrs. Beryl Smeeton, John Guzzwell, Clio Smeeton, and Miles Smeeton.

## Freak wave wrecks attempt to round the Horn

By MILES SMEETON, owner-captain of the yacht *Tzu Hang*

Halfway down the river from the Spencer Street bridge on a December day a Customs launch took us in tow. "What can you do?" the crew shouted, and, knowing something of Australian enthusiasm, we told them six knots.

IN a few moments *Tzu Hang* was doing ten knots, her bow climbing out of the water and her bowsprit shrouds twanging as the tow-rope caught the bobstay.

Soon we were by the river entrance, and the crew of the launch were shouting good luck as they cast off and swirled away.

We felt suddenly very sad to be leaving Australia, feeling almost as if we were leaving home, so much had we enjoyed our short stay.

All through a beautiful, sunlit afternoon we tacked slowly down the bay, eyes searching the low coastline as if to keep a last impression clear in our memories.

Clear of Seal Rocks we made sail and passed them in a flurry of spray. We headed south with a reef in the mainsail, passed the dark mass of Rodonda Island, and altered course to run through Banks Strait with the coast of Tasmania clear to starboard.

In our first 24 hours we had covered 165 miles, and by the end of the first week we were four miles short of the thousand.

But sailing does not always go as well as that, and on January 3 we were becalmed 100 miles south-west of New Zealand.

Bedding was pulled out on deck to air, and everyone was busy in the sun on various tasks of maintenance.

At sea the days are divided into watches, Beryl taking the middle watch at night. This leaves her free to cook.

I am the captain and navigator, Beryl the mate and sail-maker, and John is in charge of all maintenance, improvement, and repairs.

We are all capable navigators, and any of us can take a sight or plot a position.

On an evening then, halfway across the Southern Ocean, with the nearest land the Austral Islands, 1000 miles north, *Tzu Hang* is rolling along under twin head sails.

The moon lights the dry decks, wet only amidships where a splash of spray has come over the gunwale.

There is no one at the helm, but the tiller is working away, keeping her steady on an easterly course.

Occasionally she will lift and surge on the top of a small breaking crest, and sometimes an albatross glides silently past, unwilling to leave his strange companion of the day.

Below in the saloon three figures are bent over the cabin table, under the soft hiss of the pressure light.

One of them leans back and says, "I accuse Miss Scarlet, in the ballroom, with a wrench." They are playing a game of murders and detectives.

The stove grate is open and glowing, the cat sits on the bunk above, and the shadows swing across the polished teak and the rows of books on the shelves.

It would be very hard to imagine the change that is to come over that cabin before the end of the passage.

On the 50th day out of

Westernport, with 5000 miles on the log, we had just about 1000 miles to go to Diego Ramirez, our landfall for the Horn.

We had already begun to count our days—a fatal thing to do, as every sailor knows. We had big seas and gales, but *Tzu Hang* had found nothing to bother her and had averaged 100 miles a day.

We hoped to improve on this on the last quarter of the journey.

Early on February 14 the wind strengthened. The glass had been falling and there was a big sea. It seemed time to take in sail.

### Albatross

We pulled on oilskins and tumbled up on deck. Beryl slipped into the cockpit, while John and I waddled forward, one hand on the lifeline and one on the handrail along the keel of the dinghy, while the wind pushed from behind.

We let the halyards run, unshackled the booms, stowed them on the rail, and bundled the sails down the hatch.

Then we made our way aft, bent against the shrieking wind and the pitch of the ship.

We let the big rope, coiled aft of the cockpit, go astern, to steady the ship and break combing crests, and I took over the steering from Beryl, as it was my watch.

The others went below again for another two hours' sleep before breakfast.

During my watch two small, breaking crests came over the stern. The first burst the canvas dodger we had rigged, and both hit me with remark-

able force. I was glad of the bodyline, snapped on to the shroud.

The wind whipped away the torn remnants of the dodger. After breakfast Beryl relieved me, snapping her bodyline to the shroud as I unhooked mine.

After taking some photos I went below, took off my oilskins, and lay reading in the port bunk in the saloon.

The cat climbed on to my stomach, folded her paws and purred while she swayed to the roll of the ship.

*Tzu Hang* was running under bare poles fast enough to steer, and keep her stern on to the sea.

Beryl watched the big waves sweeping up from aft and roaring ahead past the ship. She was concentrating on keeping the stern dead on to the waves.

*Tzu Hang* would lift quickly to their approach, and the note of the wind in the rigging would rise to a scream.

The yacht would waddle and shrug as the seas passed under her, and the wind would drop slightly as she fell off into the hollow.

But here, suddenly, was a big wave, a monster that seemed to reach up to the sky as it rushed, towering from astern.

So steep and high it seemed that Beryl thought *Tzu Hang* would never surmount it. She did not think that it was breaking or combing, and she knew that she could do nothing about it. It was up to *Tzu Hang*, stern on to the giant, to do her best.

Beryl has a fleeting impression of falling head-first

out of the cockpit, thinking that she had been thrown out rather than washed out, and then she believes she struck her head, for the next thing she knew she was in the water.

For the moment she could not see *Tzu Hang*, and she pulled at her bodyline to find it broken.

She feared that *Tzu Hang* would leave her, but as she turned in the water she saw her lying broadside on to the sea and low in the water about 30 yards away.

There was no sign of anything on deck. Masts, booms, doghouse, dinghies, skylights, and bowsprit had all gone.

*Tzu Hang* was a bare hulk. Between Beryl and the ship there was a tangled mass of broken spars and rigging. She started to swim toward it.

As the big wave rushed up to *Tzu Hang*, John on his bunk was thrown violently forward on to the floor and against the cabin bulkhead.

He was aware of a tremendous weight of water pouring into the ship, of darkness and pressure, and he wondered how deep she had gone, thinking she was sunk.

He fought to get out, and he found himself in the galley on the starboard side. Above him there was a large gaping square of sky, where the doghouse had been a moment before.

My impressions were very much the same. At one moment I was lying on my back reading, and at the next darkness, a rending, splintering crash, pressure and rushing water, and debris all about

Yachtsman Miles Smeeton, who wrote this story, is lucky to be alive. His wife, Beryl, who shared his incredible hardships on a tortuous South Pacific crossing, is even luckier.

A violent storm, and a freak giant wave that threw her overboard and stood their 15-ton yacht on its end, almost made certain that the Smeeton story would never be written.

British-born Mr. Smeeton, a retired Brigadier of the Indian Army, sailed for Australia from Canada nearly two years ago in his 45ft. Bermudan-rigged auxiliary ketch *Tzu Hang*.

He took his wife and 15-year-old daughter Clio on the voyage, planned so that they would see the Olympic Games.

Leisurely, *Tzu Hang* island-hopped the Pacific, picking up another yachtsman in New Zealand—Canadian John Guzzwell, 24, who had sailed his boat, *Trekka*, to Auckland.

Guzzwell offered to ship with the Smeetons when he heard that after the Games Clio would be sent to finish her schooling in England and *Tzu Hang* would sail to join her.

He was specially eager to go when Mr. Smeeton told him he intended taking *Tzu Hang* round treacherous Cape Horn.

This is the story of the attempt—that failed. *Tzu Hang* is now being repaired in Talcahuano, Chile.

Mr. Smeeton begins his story on the Yarra River, Melbourne.

me as I fought to get out. I struggled out, fearing Beryl had been killed by the force of the blow.

As I came on deck I saw her swimming near the spar.

I was soon able to reach her hand, and with John's help hauled her aboard.

Her head was bleeding and she complained of her shoulder, but no sooner was she on deck than she said, "I know where the buckets are," and went below to find the two spare buckets.

I think that it was her high spirits that first gave us the idea we could save *Tzu Hang*.

John followed her down for materials and tools into the slopping maelstrom of floorboards, books, and water.

The next few hours were critical, but there were no more giant waves and the wind began to ease slightly.

John soon had a serviceable cover over what might now be called the main hatch and he started on the weather skylight.

### Bare hulk

I had my head and shoulders on of the lee skylight as I hauled up the buckets, which Beryl filled below.

Our pumps would have been hopelessly clogged with paper if we had tried to use them, and, anyway, the handles were under water.

As soon as the weather skylight was secure John let go all the rigging screws so that the broken spars and rigging would drift to windward and act as a sea anchor, leaving only the forestays to hold it.

The strain was too great—

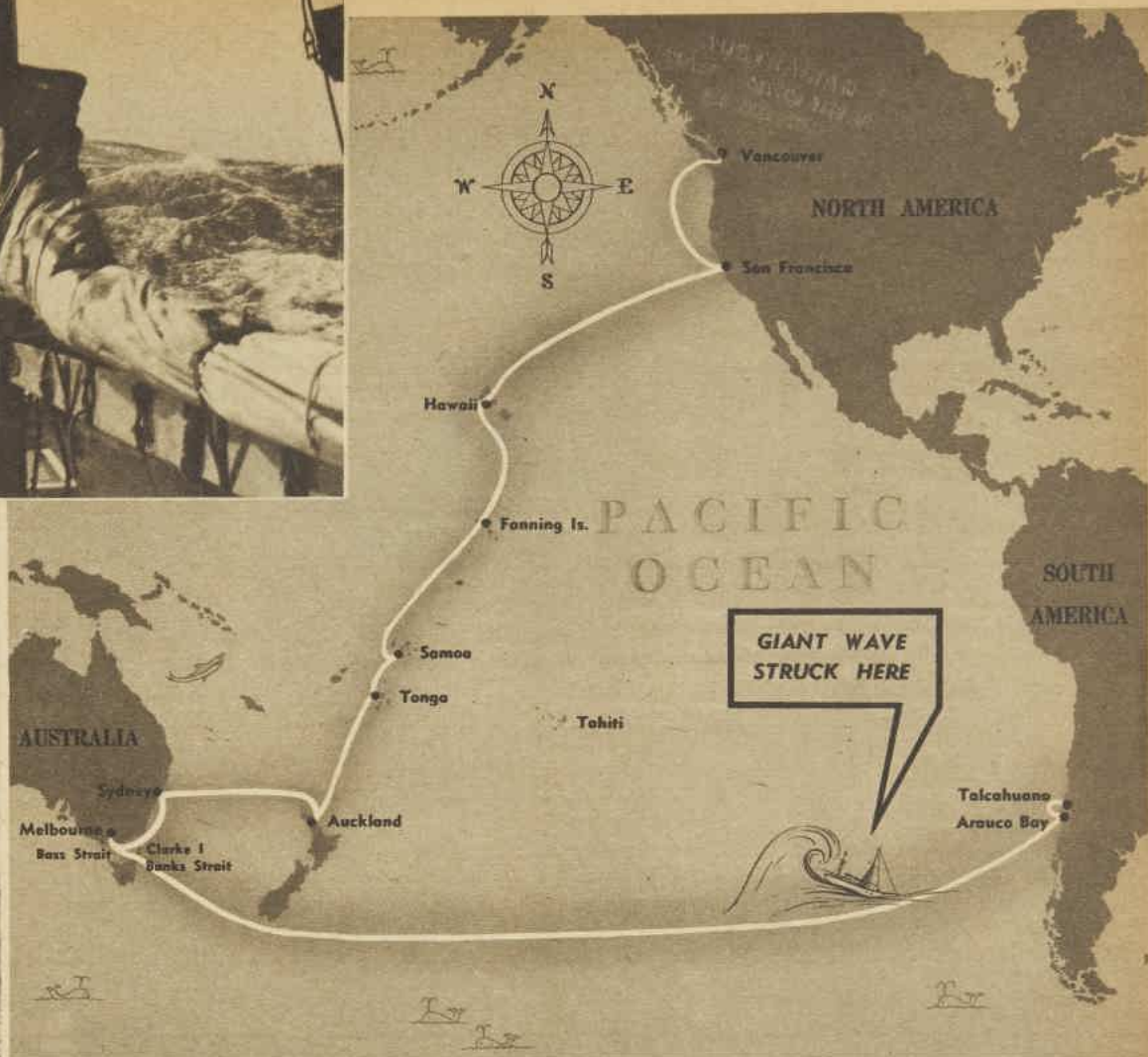




**TZU HANG** ploughs through big seas a thousand miles from Cape Horn. John Guzzwell took this photograph shortly before the yacht was battered by the giant wave.



**LEFT:** Leaving Melbourne on the 6700-mile crossing to Cape Horn. From left: John Guzzwell, who joined Tzu Hang in New Zealand, Miles Smeeton, author of the story, and his wife, Beryl, with Pwe, the ship's Siamese cat.



**ABOVE:** The route taken by the Smeetons from Vancouver. The voyage has taken nearly two years.

the mast fitting broke and we drifted quickly away.

Meanwhile, Beryl and I continued to bail. Until the hatches were covered Tzu Hang had been so low in the water that the crest lipped easily on to her deck and poured down the holes. We were just able to keep pace with it.

Now we were making progress, and as the water level went down the tension eased.

### Bailed all day

**JOHN** was now free to bail out of the fore hatch. We bailed all day, till our arms were numb and we could hardly lift a bucket, but all the time the water went down. That night we huddled together for warmth. The gale still howled outside, and water sloshed continually through the makeshift covers.

By morning the wind and sea were down, and John was able to start making the covers more seaworthy, while Beryl and I bailed again.

Meanwhile we reviewed our position. We were in longitude 95 west and latitude 52 south. We agreed that it would be the best thing to make for warmer weather and calmer seas.

We thought of Talcahuano, the Chilean Naval base, as we did not know of any repair facilities farther south.

At any rate, the coast south of Puerto Mont was wild and inhospitable, and no place for a yacht in this condition, for we now found that our rudder was gone, too.

We had plenty of food and

water, and could remain at sea for another three months, if necessary.

We had plenty of spare sails, and we would have to make jury masts and a steering oar.

Talcahuano was 1350 miles away. We did not know how Tzu Hang would sail without a rudder and it would be a hard job if we had to use the steering oar all the way.

The two immediate urgencies were to make the ship watertight again and to find the stove lids so that we could start drying out below.

We had found the cat in the fore peak, into which she had been washed, and though we had cuddled her all night she was still wet and cold. We knew she would die if we did not get the fire going.

Beryl was also suffering a lot of pain in her shoulder and her ankle was badly swollen.

Fortunately, our matches were in a watertight container, and by the afternoon I had found the last of the stove lids in the indescribable mess of paper pulp, broken jars, and other debris.

### Violent motion

**BERYL** appointed herself mistress of the smoking fire, as well as the galley, and general director of operations below.

The motion was now so violent, without masts to steady Tzu Hang, that it was some days before she could get on deck owing to her injuries.

The cat started to pick up directly we got the fire going.

Meanwhile, John started work on the first mast. He carefully scarfed the ends of a broken spinnaker boom and a spare staysail boom—the only spars we had been able to save — lashed them with wire, and riveted them with copper rivets. The result was a 15ft. mast.

It was a week before it and the steering oar, made from

tremendous activity below. Beryl was sewing a new squaresail from the spare dacron main, I was splicing new wire shrouds and stays, and John was building a new 20-foot hollow mast and a 12-foot spar.

The materials came from floorboards, the cabin ceiling, which, in a ship, means the inner walls, and the butt of

In spite of the ruin below, and the dark, for the lights were very small, and the continuously smoking stove, living conditions had been steadily improving.

We had gradually got drier, although everything remained damp because of the condensation, and as we were now able to anticipate our landfall, food and drink were unlimited.

With no rudder there was no steering, and now that the work was finished we had plenty of rest.

John caught a fish, and he and the cat began to put on weight in an alarming way.

In the evening we had fiercely contested games of scrabble, and by day we spent much of the time on deck.

We were able to piece together a theory of what had actually happened to Tzu Hang.

### On her nose

**THE** toolbox, which had been lashed to the lockers

by John's bunk at the time of the accident, had broken its lashings, smashed the doorpost on the starboard side of the cabin entrance, and had been thrown forward and up into the sink, on the starboard side of the entrance to the saloon, where it had providentially jammed against a post.

It was full of tools, and could only have got into this position if Tzu Hang had been standing vertically on

**WHEN** the Smeetons were in Melbourne, the Duke of Edinburgh noticed Tzu Hang moored near Britannia and sent for the family.

He warned them against trying to sail around the Horn. When they said they intended to continue, the Duke said he would arrange, while he was sailing in the same direction, to notify them by radio of any ice encountered.

Of the dangers involved, Miles Smeeton says: "Of course there is some risk. But yachting would be a poor sport without it."

"Any small ship at sea may find itself, at some time, in danger. If one goes to sea for sport, the main thing is not to get others involved. The best way to avoid this is not to carry a radio transmitter."

doorposts and bulkhead, were ready.

It was on February 21 that we really set off again, and Tzu Hang soon showed she was capable of holding her course without the steering oar.

We used a jib upside down as a mainsail and a small jib topsail as a jib.

If we had met a ship we would have refused assistance and we flew our ensign.

Under this rig we sailed 750 miles in 14 days.

During this time there was

her nose before she fell over on her side.

In fact, she tried to turn a somersault, ineffectually, like a small boy, and fell on her side in doing it.

This is borne out by all kinds of evidence.

On the morning of March 20 Beryl sighted land. It was the northern edge of Mocha Island.

### Held by fog

**BUT** as we closed the shore about Lebu, a fog came down and we could make no positive identification.

We ran in as close as we dared and then went about.

We had lost the large anchor, and, in the event of having to anchor to avoid running ashore, we had only a 45lb. anchor to hold us.

At two o'clock next morning we were still in fog. Unless we were to be carried past our port by the Humboldt current, we would have to make a bid for it.

For five hours we ran in towards the shore, and then my nerves would stand it no longer, and we stopped for breakfast.

Feeling braver after eating, we started again.

We were aiming for Arauco Bay, knowing that we could not get in to Talcahuano against the south wind.

Suddenly the fog thinned and Beryl shouted "Land Ho!"

There to the south, and not far away, was a rocky island, and above it was a square bluff: The Farallones and Santa Maria Island. We were entering Arauco Bay.





*They're gay!  
They're different!  
(...and Oh! So nice!)*

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**WED AT ALL SAINTS'.** Dr. Jim Purchas and his bride leaving All Saints' Church, Woollahra. Mrs. Purchas was Jennifer Kimmorley, daughter of the Cliff Kimmorleys, of Inverell, and Jim is the son of Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Morris Purchas.



**ON THE DANCE FLOOR** at Prince's during the Pied Piper Ball are Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere. More than two hundred and fifty guests attended the dance in aid of the Spastic Centre, Mosman. Mrs. Dekyvere wore a black chiffon dress.



**KARITANE KAROUSEL.** Committee members Mrs. Robert Bockemann (left) and Mrs. Bill Tilley at the informal buffet dinner held at the Pickwick Club to raise funds for the Kuring-gai Karitane Mobile Clinic.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS

**THE** Australian premiere of our Irish Fashion Parades on August 10 will take place in a gala atmosphere in the Great Restaurant at David Jones when four international models and two Sydney girls will parade a collection of clothes created specially for Australia by Sybil Connolly.

Entire proceeds of the evening will go to the Old People's Welfare Council of N.S.W.

Cocktails and hors d'oeuvres will be served from 7.30. The parade will commence at 8.30, and afterwards guests will be served a supper of oysters, scalloped shell-fish mornay, supreme chicken sandwiches, royal praline sweets, coffee, and champagne.

Mrs. W. J. Smith, backed up by her enthusiastic Naughty 'Nineties committee, is busy arranging parties for this gala occasion. Mrs. Ben Fuller, Mrs. Tony Scarisbrick, Mrs. John O'Brien, and Mrs. Mel Watson are all new members of this hard-working committee.

**WHEN** Judith Porush marries American Rabbi Bertram Mond at the Great Synagogue on Sunday, July 7, the ceremony will be performed by her father, Rabbi Israel Porush, Chief Minister of the Synagogue. A few weeks after the wedding the young couple will leave for the United States to live in Pennsylvania.

**PHILLIP PETER** are the names that Denise and Peter Proust have chosen for the son born last week at the Mater Hospital. Mrs. Proust was formerly Denise Madden, of Killara.

**ONE** of the prettiest weddings of the season will take place at St. Mary's Cathedral on Saturday, July 6, when Margaret Horton marries barrister John Goldrick. The bride, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Horton, of St. Ives, will have her sister Catherine (Mrs. John Madigan) as matron on honor and two Margarets as bridesmaids — Margaret Langton and Margaret Goldrick.

**A** LETTER from Ontario, Canada, brought me the news of Nola Franks' engagement to a fellow Australian, Max Delaney, of Oyster Bay. The young couple first met when they were students at Sydney University, then more recently at Australia House, London. After touring the Continent with friends they are now homeward bound and will be married in Sydney.

**RED-AND-WHITE** color scheme has been chosen by pretty Mary-Jane Moore for her wedding to Paul Cant, of Newcastle. They will be married at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, on July 20, and Mary-Jane will be attended by four bridesmaids — her sisters Annabel and Elizabeth, Sue Powell, of "Wanawana," Queanbeyan, and Jan Kennet. The bride is the eldest daughter of Mrs. Edward Chauvel and the late Lieut. Arthur Moore.



**CUTTING THE CAKE** at the reception after their wedding at St. John's Church, Forbes, are Mr. and Mrs. Jim Hall. The bride was formerly Helen Stitt, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Stitt, of "Cumbijowa," Forbes. Jim is the younger son of the Frank Halls, of Condobolin.



**LEAVING St. Andrew's Church, Rose Bay,** are Neill Steglick and his bride, who was formerly June Carney, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clive Carney, of Bellevue Hill. The young couple will make their home at Edgecliff.

**RODERIC** Alan are the names chosen by Rod and Rosalind O'Connor for their son and heir born in Launceston, Tasmania. The baby is called Roderic after his father, and Alan after Rosalind's father, Colonel Alan Cameron, of "Mona Vale," Ross, Tas. The young couple are living at "Burlington," the station

home Rod has built at "Connorville," the O'Connors' property at Cressy.

**FOR** the opening night of "Sabrina Fair" at the Independent Theatre, North Sydney, Mrs. Ken Hill chose a pretty sheath dress of fine brown wool.

Anne



**INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT.** Sue Dowling, daughter of the First Naval Member, Vice-Admiral Sir Roy Dowling, and Lady Dowling, with her fiancé, Captain Ken Mair, at the Dowlings' home in Toorak, Melbourne. Sue is a kindergarten teacher in Melbourne; she trained in Sydney.





# THE SCAPEGOAT

Second instalment of  
our dramatic serial

**By DAPHNE  
DU MAURIER**

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

MY name is John and I am an Englishman. While in the town of Le Mans on my way to England after a holiday in France I found myself obsessed with depression. I loved France, I spoke its language perfectly, and I taught its history, but I longed to feel part of the country and its people. A chance meeting with a Frenchman, JEAN DE GUE, who bore a startling resemblance to me, began a strange adventure for me. We dined together and then returned to a hotel, where he must have given me a drugged drink.

Late next day when I awoke I found Jean had disappeared, taking all my possessions and clothes and leaving me his. A man called at my room and addressed me as "Monsieur le Comte." He was the first to mistake me for his master. Somehow it came easily to me to slip into Jean's identity and I was soon in his car driving to the chateau which is his home.

On the steps a man named PAUL greeted me irritably. In a room I found three women; one called BLANCHE left the room when she saw me. The others, one of whom was expecting a child, reproached me for my late arrival. Upstairs I found myself in another room where an elderly woman welcomed me fondly. I realised she was Jean's mother, the COMTESSE. She talked of Blanche, obviously Jean's sister, FRANCOISE, RENEE, and MARIE-NOEL, but I had no way of knowing what relationship they bore to Jean. She asked me if I had renewed the contract and I said "yes," although I did not know what she was referring to. Then she eagerly demanded if I had bought her present in Paris.

Fortunately in a dressing-room I found Jean's valises and some packages. One was marked "Maman" and I gave it to the servant CHARLOTTE to take to her. I went into the adjoining bedroom and discovered that Francoise was Jean's wife. NOW READ ON:

bathroom unnerved me and I slammed the door and locked it, realising as I did so that I was probably playing my character aright. This would be the action of Jean de Gue if he was ashamed or bored or both.

Once again I became angry, as I had been in the hotel when I was forced to put on his clothes. How he would laugh if he could see me now, a farcical figure with the pyjamas over my arm, hiding in a bathroom, with his wife in bed in the room next door. I wondered if Jean de Gue had foreseen this moment or whether he had thought, as I had in the car driving to the chateau, that after an hour or two the game would be played out, the masquerade be over.

It might be that never for an instant had he considered I would do what I had done. And yet, how definite our conversation of the preceding night, my wail at the emptiness of life, the lack of ties. What a chance to laugh and say, "Try mine!"

If he really intended to slip away himself and make me his scapegoat, then it clearly proved that he cared for no one at the chateau. The mother and the wife who loved him well counted for nothing. He did not mind what happened to them or to any of the others: I could do with them as I pleased. Considered coldly, the masquerade was so cruel as to be inhuman.

I turned off the dripping bath tap and went back to the dressing-room. The elation and ease I had experienced when having dinner with the mother had changed to depression

with her change of mood. Instead of dismissing the ravaged face as just another incident in a fantastic evening, I had wanted to placate her, to find the package quickly, and hand it over to Charlotte. Now, with the realisation that the complaining Francoise was de Gue's wife, I wanted to placate her, too: her tears distressed me. Downstairs in the salon they had been unreal to me, yet here, in the privacy of their rooms, these people were without defence, betraying me into emotion.

The fact that they were unconscious victims of a practical joke was no longer funny. Besides, I was not so sure that it was a joke. In a curious way it was a trial of strength, a test of endurance, as though Jean de Gue had said to me, "Right. I have allowed myself to be possessed by my family. Could you do better in my place?"

I went to the table and picked up the package marked F. It had a fancy wrapping and was small and hard. I stood a moment, weighing it in my hand, then I went deliberately through the bathroom once again and opened the bedroom door. The room was in darkness.

"Are you awake?" I said.

I heard a movement from the bed and then the light was switched on and she sat up looking at me. The curlers were now concealed by a cap made of net, tied under the chin with a pink bow, and the fluffy bed-jacket had been exchanged for a shawl. The effect was incongruous against the pale, tired face. She yawned and blinked at me.

ABSURD and automatic as it was, my first instinct was to retrieve the pyjamas from the bed, and I went and fetched them, not glancing at Francoise, and turned back again towards the bathroom. To my dismay she started to cry, saying something about not caring for her and being miserable, and

how Maman had always come between us.

I waited in the bathroom for the sounds to ease. Presently there was a blowing of the nose and those little sniffs and coughs that accompany the aftermath of crying and the attempt at self-control. The idea that she might get out of bed and follow me to the





As the rest of us looked on curiously, Marie-Noel, forestalling Renee's restraining hand, drew from the paper the flimsiest of nightgowns.

I went over to her. "Listen," I said, "you must forgive me if I was abrupt just now. Maman seemed suddenly unwell and I was worried. I would have come down earlier, but you know how she can be. Look, I bought you this in Paris."

She stared doubtfully at the package which I put into her hand. She let it drop on the coverlet and sighed. "I wouldn't mind if it was just once in a while," she said, "but it happens so often, every day, always. Sometimes I think that Maman hates me, and not only Maman but all of you, Paul, Renee, Blanche. Even Marie-Noel has no feeling for me. When we were first married it was different," she went on. "We were both younger, the country was free again after the Occupation, life was full of hope. I felt so happy. Then little by little it all seemed to slip away, the happy feeling. I don't know if it's my fault or yours."

The wan face under the ugly net cap stared up at me without hope.

"It happens to everyone sooner or later," I said slowly. "Married people become used to each other, take each other for granted. That's no reason to be unhappy."

"Oh, it's not that," she said. "I know we take each other for granted. I wouldn't care if I had you to myself. But here everyone is on top of us. I have to share you with so many people, and the terrible thing about it is that you don't notice, you don't mind."

The evening with the mother had been too easy. This was different. I did not know what to say to her.

"Everything's closing in on me," she said, "the chateau, the family, the whole countryside. It's like being suffocated. I long ago gave up trying to do anything in the chateau, giving orders, altering things: your family made it quite plain that they considered it interference. What happens here has always happened. Do you realise that the one interest I have had in the past months has been to order new stuff for the curtains here in the bedroom and the flounce for the dressing-table, and even that was thought extravagant?"

"I'm sorry," I said, "but you must know how it is. In the country we get set in our ways. Everything is a matter of habit."

"Habit?" she repeated. "That comes well from you, of all people. You go off whenever you feel like it on pretence of business. No question of you being set or a man of routine, leading the same life day in, day out, as I have to do. Never for a moment have you suggested taking me with you. It's always a question of 'one of these days' or 'next time,' and now I'm used to your excuses and don't even ask. Besides, at this particular moment it wouldn't be possible—I've been feeling too unwell."

She fingered the package, which she had not opened, and I felt there must be something a husband should say under the circumstances, a word of comfort or sympathy, but her particular condition was one I knew little about.

Suddenly she said quite simply, without complaint or grievance, "Jean, I'm frightened." I did not know how to answer her. I took the package from her and began to open it. "You know what Dr. Lebrun said when I lost the last. It isn't easy for me."

I felt inadequate and useless. I undid the string and paper and drew out a box, and from the box a small velvet case which I opened. Inside was a locket framed in pearls which, when the release was sprung, revealed a miniature of myself, or rather him. It could be worn either as a clip or as a brooch, for there was a gold pin at the back to fix it. The workmanship was very fine, the idea ingenious, and it must have cost the purchaser no mean sum of money.

She uttered an exclamation of wonder and delight. "Oh, how beautiful!" she said. "How very lovely! And how dear of you to think of it. I have been grumbling, complaining . . . and you bring me this. Forgive me." She put her hand up to my face. I forced a smile. "You are good to put up with me," she said. "Let's hope it won't be much longer and then I shall feel more like myself again. When I talk to you I hear words coming out

of my mouth that I don't really mean, and I hate myself for it, but I can't prevent it."

She closed the locket, then opened it again two or three times, smiling at the trick of it. Then she pinned it on her shawl.

"Look," she said, "I wear my husband on my heart. If anyone says to me in future, 'Where is Jean?' I shall only have to open the locket. It's a very good likeness, you know. It must have been copied from the photo in your old identity card that I used to like so much. Did you have it specially done for me in Paris?"

"Yes," I said. It was probably true, yet my own lie sounded shabby to my ears.

"Paul will never get over it when he sees it," she said. "But I suppose it means that everything was all right and the visit was successful after all. How exactly like you to celebrate by doing something extravagant. You know, I feel so helpless when I hear Paul talking about the impossibility of carrying on at the foundry and I feel he is hinting at my own money all tied up in that ridiculous way. However, if we have a boy . . ." She lay back, still touching the locket pinned on her shawl. "I shall sleep now," she said. "Don't be long. You must be tired if you have been talking business to Maman all the evening."

She switched off her light and I heard her sigh and settle herself once more against the pillow.

I went back to the dressing-room, threw open the window, and leant out. It was a bright moonlit night, cold and clear. Beneath me was the tangled grass of the moat and the rough stone ivy-covered walls surrounding it, and beyond stretched what might once have been formal garden, but was now given to grass, too, this in turn forming rides and avenues that became lost in the dusky trees.

A small rounded building, like the twin towers guarding the bridgeway across the

moat, stood isolated amid the grass in front of me and I realised from its shape that it must be an old dovecot for pigeons, and beside it was a child's swing with the rope broken.

An indefinable melancholy brooded upon the hushed scene, as though once there had been laughter here, and life, and now there was none, and the people who looked out of the chateau windows, as I did, gave themselves to regret and malcontent.

The deep silence was broken now and then by a single plopping sound, like the drip of water from a well-head tumbling to the depths below, and I leant out and craned my head to try to trace it, but could not, for no water came from the grinning gargoyle face that stared down at me from the coping of the tower above.

The church clock in the village behind the chateau struck eleven, a high, reedy note which for all its lack of depth held the same warning as the Angelus bell from the cathedral in Le Mans, and when the last note had sounded and died away the feeling of oppression and distress increased within me and the voice of reason seemed to say, "What are you doing in this place? Get out, before it's too late."

I opened the door to the corridor and listened. Everything was quiet. I wondered if the mother was now sleeping, pacified by the mysterious package I had given to Charlotte, or if she still sat huddled in her chair. Was the sister Blanche kneeling at her prie-dieu or watching the scourged Christ facing her from her bed? I could not forget the intimate touching words of Francoise, "Jean, I'm frightened." They were not meant for me. Nothing here was mine. I was an alien. I had no part in their life.

I went along the corridor and down the

To page 39



# Something Growing

A short short story by MARY LANGE JONES

WHEN Billy came into the kitchen and haltingly said his ball had gone into Mrs. Scripps' yard and what would he do about it, I sighed heavily.

Mrs. Scripps was old and something of a recluse, and her yard was surrounded by a bushy hedge. We'd only recently moved into the neighborhood, and it was natural that Billy, being just eight years old, wouldn't know what kind of reception he'd get if he went to ask Mrs. Scripps for his ball.

I was in the middle of making a pie for supper, and my hands were covered with flour. "Let the ball go," I wanted to tell Billy. Or, "if you can't take better care of your ball, well—that's the end of it."

But the thing in my head that is always adding up figures and balancing budgets reminded me that balls cost money. If Billy didn't get this ball back, he'd want another.

"Look at your shoes, Billy," I said crossly. "Look what you've done to your nice new shoes."

Obediently, he looked down at them, at the scuffed toes and muddy heels, but it didn't appear that they bothered him.

"Aw, gee, Mum," he said with a deep sigh, "you're always rousing on us. I can't play outside without getting my shoes a bit dirty—especially after all the rain we've had. And if I stay inside you get mad, too, and tell me to get outside in the sun."

He looked up, as an idea came to him. "How about it if I take them off?"

"No!" I said. "You'd better not do that. You've only just got over a cold and the ground's still damp."

I felt he may have forgotten the ball after the subject had been changed, but of course it was too much to hope for with a boy his age.

"Well, Mum," he said plaintively, "what will I do about my ball?"

"All right," I said. "I'll ask Mrs. Scripps for your ball. But let me tell you, young man, you have to take better care of your things."

"I will, Mum," he said eagerly.

But all he wanted was his ball back. He didn't care what was happening to his shoes or that such things cost money.

Barbara ran up crying when I started over to Mrs. Scripps'. She had fallen and skinned her knee. Her hem was ripped. I took her into the house and put something on the knee and made her change her dress.

"I'll have to mend it before it gets beyond mending," I said. "Why can't you play without tearing something?"

Barbara's tears had dried. At six grief doesn't last long. "We're playing hide-and-seek," she explained. "We're having fun."

"They'll be kids only once, Nancy," Bert was always saying. "Let Billy play ball. Let Barbara have a new dress with pink ruffles." Let, let, let. That's all we seemed to do at our house, and it certainly cost money.

But where was Bert's and my fun, I asked, starting over to Mrs. Scripps' again.

I certainly felt I was missing out on a lot of fun, although I must confess Bert always seemed contented, and yet I wondered often if

it was just a good front he was putting on for my benefit.

Sometimes I thought we existed only to support others—the bank that held the mortgage on our home, the finance company that carried our car, the grocery stores, milkman, laundryman, insurance agent. Bert's salary at the hardware store where he worked was good, but it went through our hands like smoke.

And for what purpose? There should be more to life than this trying to make something out of nothing, this struggle to make ends meet.

Even I was a little timid about bothering Mrs. Scripps. I'd never met her—I'd only seen her working in her garden behind the bushy hedge. She was a tall, thin, almost angular woman, and I had thought her to be the type who would rather be left to herself. But when she opened the door she wasn't the least bit uncordial.

"Why, of course," she said when I explained my purpose. "It's been a long time since there's been a ball in my yard. It makes me think of my own children when they were young. They were always losing balls out there—it's such a big yard, you know. Next time your boy loses his ball over here, he must come and get it himself."

I thanked her, but she went on. "He mustn't be too shy to come in. I've always got some cookies in the kitchen and if he's the same as all boys, he won't mind coming in to get his own lost balls soon!"

She led me through her house, clean and old and filled with mellowed furniture. It had certainly seen better days, but only constant use by children could have worn it so. However, loving care had superseded any of the wear and tear by small hands and feet, and made everything so mellow.

We went through into the back yard, and she helped me find Billy's ball. It had landed in a clump of ferns.

"Oh, I'm sorry," I said quickly. "I hope it didn't hurt them."

Mrs. Scripps smiled. "Don't worry. Ferns keep on growing. Boys have to grow, too."

We started back to the house and she stopped me at an arbor near the back door.

"Look at those buds," she said, taking a branch of climbing rose. "It'll soon be blooming." And then she sighed gently. "The only thing I envy you young people is that you still have growing children," she said.

Pausing for a moment, she went on wistfully: "My oldest boy's in the Navy, and my daughter's married and lives in California. My youngest son is in South America. He works for an oil company."

You could tell she was proud, but wistful, too. "That's how it is," I thought. "She has her freedom now, but she's too old to enjoy it." I wanted my freedom while I was still young enough to have fun.

"Some of my friends think I'm stubborn to hang on to my garden the way I do," she went on, "but I tell them that I couldn't live without watching something grow. It was different when the children were young. They were the growing things then. I didn't have much time to garden..."

She took the branch of the rose

bush again, held the bud close to her face, and sniffed it, almost as if she could catch ahead of time the fragrance it soon would have.

Suddenly some of that awful tenseness went out of me. It was as if I were watching some mystery of life, some explanation of how we are born and live and finally die,

and why, and the secret of that force that makes it all worth while.

"Come again, dear," Mrs. Scripps said, "and bring the children. I love children. And I don't mind about the ball. As I said, playing ball is part of a boy's growing up."

I thanked her and I realised I was smiling, really smiling, for the

first time in a long while. It was the kind of smile and the kind of feeling you have when you've just had a baby, when for the first time you hold in your arms that new fragile little piece of humanity you have created.

I said goodbye to Mrs. Scripps and carried the ball out to Billy.

"Thanks, Mum," he said when I handed it to him.

I looked at him. He had blue eyes and sandy hair and a funny crooked little smile. And some day he was going to be a man. He'd be in the Navy or in South America or he'd be in New York or California or Dallas, Texas. He'd be a man. My job would be finished.

In the process he would wear out innumerable pairs of shoes, many clothes. He would eat thousands of meals that I would cook and he would lose more balls.

All of a sudden I loved him so much I couldn't speak.

(Copyright)

"Don't worry," Mrs. Scripps said. "The plant will grow again."



Dennis Adams.



# The Magic

It was like a flame that warmed  
the loneliness of her days

BY ROSEMARY TIBBER

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

A short story complete on this page

MISS PHIPPS knew what they said about her in the library. With her eyes cast down and seemingly intent on a list or catalogue she would listen to their conversation.

"Ask her if this is any good," young Mrs. Withers would say to her husband, flicking over the pages of a green-backed novel marked "R" for Romance.

Mr. Withers would glance up at Miss Phipps and then move closer to his wife. "Make up your own mind, dear. If the old girl reads at all, I doubt if she reads romance." They would smile together and then bring the book over to the desk for her to mark.

Miss Phipps watched her customers. In more ways than one they were her bread and butter and they were a constant source of interest.

There was the Colonel, six-foot-two, with his purple face and his grey, waxed moustache. He came in regularly for the stories of famous battles and famous Generals, which she always put aside for him.

While she was removing the "reserved" label the Colonel would clear his throat with a rumbling roar and out would come some gallant remark.

Sometimes he'd look down at her, sitting there so demurely, and say: "You're such a bit of a thing, m'dear; could pick you up and put you in my pocket, what?" Or at other times when she knew that his arthritis was bad because it took him so long to remove his gloves, he would look at her sadly and pat her hand — "Don't work too hard, m'dear, there aren't so many good people in the world."

Then he'd pick up his book and walking-stick, straighten his shoulders and with the ghost of a once-smart salute make his way back to his service flat and his lonely gas fire.

There was Miss Loveday with her lile stockings, her head held to one side, and her passion for poetry; Doctor Thomas, who liked to relax with a "whodunit"; a pair of newlyweds who came in, all moonbound with love, and asked for a good story to read aloud to each other.

Once a couple of sixth-formers, from the school round the corner, marched boisterously in, but when they saw Miss Phipps with her neat, grey hair and glasses they looked uncertain, and one of them muttered: "Come on, she's probably never even heard of Gerald Manley Hopkins," and the door slammed shut behind them.

Looking out through the window, Miss Phipps noticed that the pavement was dark with people strolling towards the park. Summer would not be long arriving and the busy winter demand for novels would soon be over.

It was just on closing time and only Mrs. Graves was left in the shop. As soon as she had chosen her book Miss Phipps would lock up; there was work to be done in her little flat above the shop.

Empty-handed, Mrs. Graves came over to the desk. "Good evening, Miss Phipps," she said. "I was looking for another book by Vanessa Chase, but I think I've read all you have."

"There'll be her new one out soon," Miss Phipps said, and picked

up her pencil. "'Amber for Love,' it's called. I'll keep it for you, Mrs. Graves."

"If you would, Miss Phipps. She's quite my favorite."

Miss Phipps shut the order book and her eyes twinkled behind her glasses. "To be perfectly honest," she said, "she's mine, too."

Locking the door behind Mrs. Graves, Miss Phipps smiled to herself. This was the time of day she liked best.

Working quickly and with the agility born of use, she unfolded the dust sheets and unfurled them in the air, watching them sink down sighingly on to the tables of new books which stood in the centre of the shop.

When all was tidy and the pencil lay neatly on the desk, ready sharpened for the morning, she switched out the light and climbed the staircase at the back of the shop to her little flat.

There was no one to welcome her in the living-room, yet Miss Phipps, as soon as she had opened the door, said, as she always did: "Hallo, my darling, I've had such an interesting day." As she spoke she looked towards the mantelpiece at a faded sepia photograph in a black frame.

The picture was of a young, very handsome man. He was wearing the uniform of an Army officer in World War I and underneath his likeness was the inscription, "They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old."

Miss Phipps put a match to the fire ready laid in the grate and kneeling on the rug watched the growing flames licking up towards the neat spindles of wood. As she watched she thought, as she always allowed herself to think, in this lost moment between her two lives, of the Magic.

The Magic that began and ended with Captain Albert Chase, who looked down at her from the mantelpiece.

Miss Phipps, owing to the premature and tragic death of both parents, had been brought up by an aunt.

The aunt, a Christian woman who knew her duty, took the orphan in and cared for her, as the years went by, with large helpings of the Bible and the stodgiest cabinet pudding in the world.

Small wonder that when the handsome Captain Chase appeared on the scene in her eighteenth year her ward lost her head as well as her heart and ran away to Brighton.

It was only a weekend. Two ecstatic days in a topsy-turvy world, then he had gone off to meet his Maker in the mud of France and she had returned to grim, silent lips and cabinet pudding.

Two days, among all the days it takes to make fifty-seven years; yet because they were magic days they had been enough.

Miss Phipps listened to the wood in the grate crackling and snapping as the flames, now roused, curled angrily round it; but the sound she heard was the low call of seagulls swooping over the beach at Brighton.

It had been hot, she remembered, very hot. The french windows that looked out over the sea were flung wide open and they had sunbathed in the big armchair in the bedroom.

She could see the room now; the fern, its edges brown and curling, in the fireplace; the green plush cloth on the table, and the rose-patterned china wash-bowl and jug.

Two days, and in them he had tried to help her forget the twelve years she had spent with her aunt and the Bible, but without the love that it taught. He had loved her.

In return she had given him all the devotion which no one had wanted from her ever since she could remember.

The clock sounded the half-hour and reminded Miss Phipps that she had dreamed long enough.

The wood was now well alight, and, leaning one hand on the coal box, Miss Phipps got up off her knees. Slivers of pain shot up into her thighs as she straightened her legs.

It was only when things like that happened that she remembered she was getting towards sixty.

The Magic had kept her mind young, but it couldn't do much about wrinkles or rheumatism. She thought about other people's Magic.

Miss Loveday had her poetry; the Colonel had his memories of an adventurous and colorful career; the schoolboys who had come into the shop had the Magic of an uncharted future, and the newlyweds had each other.

Reflected in the glass front of the bookcase the flames twirled higher up the chimney. Miss Phipps looked at the row of books on the top shelf; they were all by Vanessa Chase. What she had said was true when she told Mrs. Graves that she was her favorite author.

As she took the cover off her typewriter, which stood on the centre table, Miss Phipps smiled contentedly and thought of the millions of words which, taking her strength from the Magic, she had written.

She had given them all personality with the combination of the names of the only two people she had ever loved: Vanessa, her mother, and her darling Albert Chase.

(Copyright)



"Don't work too hard, m'dear,"  
the Colonel said, looking down  
at Miss Phipps.





So nice  
to wake  
up with

# Finlay's sheets

favourites for generations



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# The Revenge

For a long time he had hated  
this man who had stolen his wife.

By GERALD BULLETT

HE had often in his professional capacity provided a dish of smooth platitudes for patients who resented growing old: but this evening, as he turned in at his club, the burden of his sixty-three years lay heavy upon him.

The club was nowadays his inevitable evening resort. He did not wish for company, but still less did he wish to be alone; alone with his brooding thoughts, his sense of defeat, which success in his profession, being taken for granted, failed to alleviate.

Accustomed to deference, he no longer took pleasure in it. He had a numerous acquaintance, among colleagues and fellow clubmen, but no close friends. The failure of his marriage, seven years ago, had left no visible mark: it had been a point of pride with him to appear serenely unconcerned when the divorce became public knowledge.

"Good evening, sir," said the hall porter.

"Good evening, Horace. Any letters or messages?"

"Not today, sir, thank you, sir."

The door swung open behind him. A gentle and ingratiating voice said at his elbow: "Good evening, Doctor."

Startled, disbelieving his ears, George Adversane turned quickly. His first emotion, sheer wonder at the fellow's audacity, was succeeded by a spasm of anger; but the habit of civilised self-control, and still more, a self-protective instinct, prevented his giving vent to it.

"Ah! Mr. Ludlow, isn't it?"

Cyril Ludlow. His enemy. The man in possession. Still quite young and debonair, as well he might be, having gaily helped himself to another man's wife and presumably, all too presumably, found happiness with her.

He was slim, with a lithe figure and boyish blue eyes radiant with good will, copious light brown hair, and the synthetic, teeth-displaying smile of a matinee idol. In short, Mother's Darling and the answer to a maiden's prayer. Bile rose in Adversane's throat.

"What a pleasure!" said Ludlow. "It's years since we met."

"The pleasure, if any, is yours," returned Adversane. "What, if I may ask, are you doing here?"

He realised, too late, that he had blundered. By asking a question that invited conversation he had made it possible for the fellow to ignore the preceding snub.

"Didn't you know?" said Ludlow. "I'm a new member."

"No, I didn't know," said Adversane curtly, and with no further comment turned away and strode off in the direction of the bar.

First his wife, and now my club. I shall have to resign, he told himself bitterly.

Having exchanged perfunctory greetings with the two or three acquaintances disposed about the room he ordered a double whisky, swallowed it quickly and, repeating his order, carried himself and his glass to a remote cor-



Judith stood by ready to help as Dr. Adversane silently and efficiently attended to the sick man.

ner. There, sitting in a deep chair, he sat staring at his thoughts.

They were not, though bitterness and anger predominated, all of one color. There came floating into his mind a pompous four-line epigram with which, seven years ago, he had been pleased to torment himself:

*Bereaved of beauty, traitor'd by my friend,  
Of loving kindness I'll make an end.  
And yet, on gall and wormwood though I sup,  
A loathly sweetness lingers in the cup.*

It was true. Mingling with his distaste for this encounter was a perverse fascination, an excited curiosity. This Ludlow, damn him, was a link with Judith, whose image, endowed with the additional magic of distance, Adversane had never quite succeeded in forgetting.

The sight of Ludlow, though hateful, had brought her nearer, had even established a sort of shadowy contact with her.

"Hallo again," said Cyril Ludlow. "Do you mind if I join you, George?"

Adversane lifted his head and stared, enjoying the hatred that consumed him. Taking the silence for consent, Ludlow pulled up a chair and sat down, nursing his glass.

"I do hope there are no hard feelings," he said cheerfully. "None on our

side, I assure you. After all, it's a long time ago."

Adversane smiled. This blindness, this exquisite self-complacency, both maddened and delighted him. He knew now, suddenly, what he must do; and Ludlow's mixture of impudent charm and unbelievable obtuseness would make it both easy and pleasurable.

"We often speak of you, you know, Judith and I, and of the good times we used to have together. She's always been sorry that we lost touch."

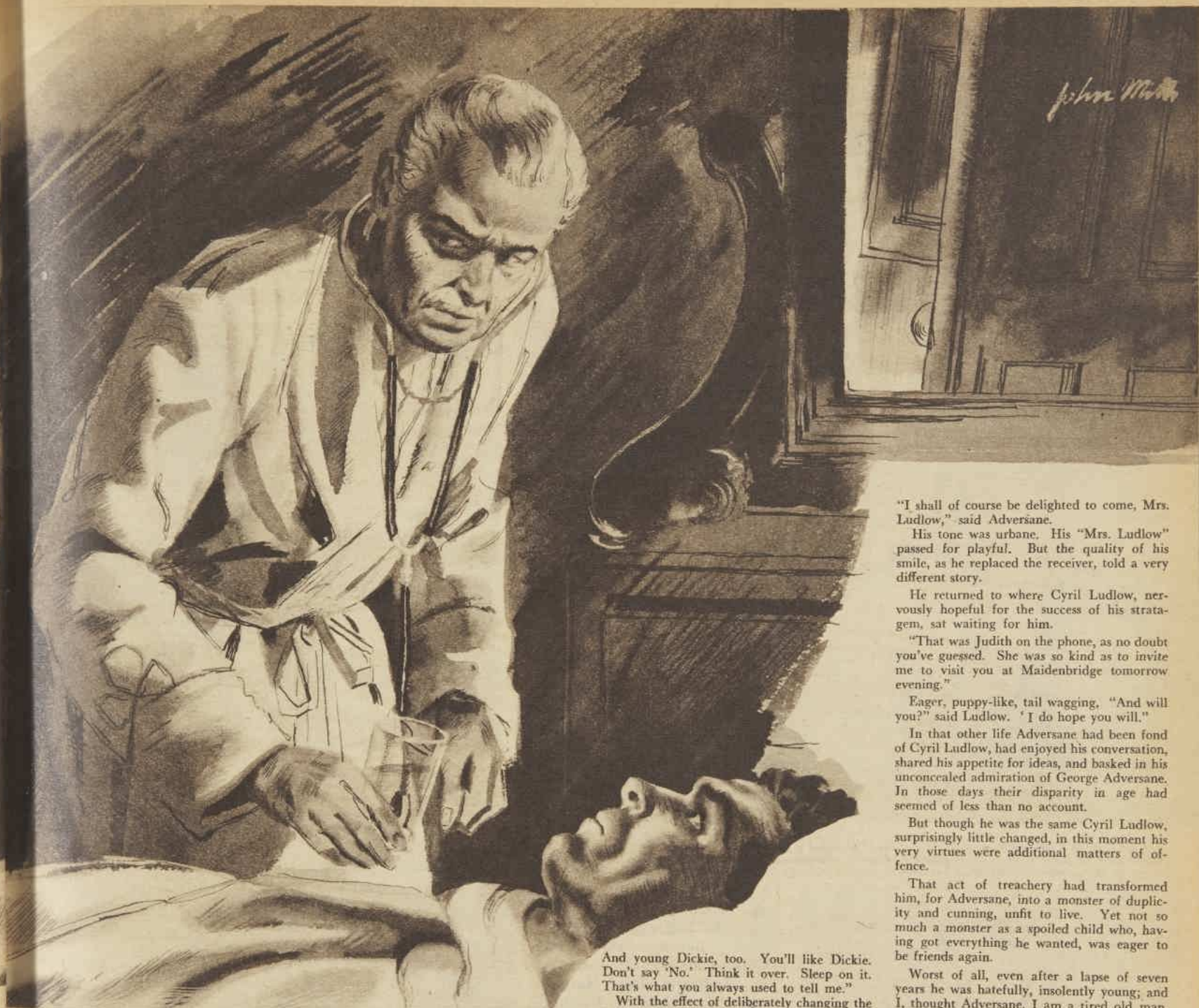
"Indeed," said Adversane. "And how is Mrs. Ludlow?"

Ludlow's statement, preposterous though it seemed, came as no surprise to him. It was consistent with his and Judith's attitude throughout. Magnanimously, they bore him no malice for the injury they had done him.

So, as soon as the decree was made absolute, they had begun making overtures of continuing friendship and, undaunted by his obdurate silence, had persisted in sending him a Christmas card every year.

"We are happy," they said in effect, "so why shouldn't you be? We like you, we admire you, we miss you. We like you, dear George, and we know you like us. And since we're all nice, sensible, modern people, what's to hinder our getting together and carrying on from where—because of the stuffy old legal nonsense—we left off?"





It had taken the Ludlows a long time to realise that they were making no headway with him. And now Ludlow was saying: "Those wonderful evenings at your house. Those glorious talks we had! I've never forgotten them. Nor has Judith, I promise you."

"How very kind of her," said Adversane. The irony was palpable, but Ludlow seemed unperturbed by it. "We're living in the country now. Maidenbridge. An hour's run from Waterloo. So much better for the little boy, we thought. And quite near enough to Fleet Street, now that I'm freelancing again."

"I'm delighted to hear it," said Adversane. "I should hate you to be put to any inconvenience."

Ludlow laughed. "I'm sure you would, my dear George. Forgive me for being so garrulous. It's the excitement of meeting you again. Now tell me your news," he added hopefully.

It suited Adversane's purpose very well that his sarcasm should have been misinterpreted (willfully, he supposed) as genial banter.

It both added a fine edge to his malice and at the same time ensured that that malice would not be detected. To make doubly sure, however, he instantly decided on a change of tone.

"My news?" he said mildly. "There isn't any."

"Excuse me, Dr. Adversane." It was Horace, the hall porter. "You're wanted on the telephone, sir. Number three box."

Stopping only to finish his whisky, Adversane rose and left the room, obscurely glad of the interruption. He shut himself in the tall narrow box. He lifted the receiver.

"Yes? Dr. Adversane here."

"Hallo, George!" said a woman's voice: shy, soft, a little breathless.

His nerves tingling, his mind consciously savoring the drama of this moment, he inquired coldly: "Who is speaking?"

"Don't you know? Can't you guess? It's me, Judith."

"Judith? Ah, yes. Judith. Good evening."

"How nice to hear your voice, George, after this long time."

The warm tones caressed him. She seemed suddenly very near. In the cadence of her speech, subtle and elusive as a scent, was the distilled essence of a hundred bitter-sweet memories. His underlip curled sardonically, resisting the assault. He made no answer. He stood listening self-applaudingly to his own silence.

"George! Are you still there?"

"I am still here."

"Cyril rang me up just now to tell me the news."

"Indeed? What news would that be?"

"Don't be difficult, George. About having met you, of course. I'm so envious." She seemed to pause for an answer; then, getting none, suddenly said: "I say, George!"

"Yes?"

"Will you do something for me?"

"Perhaps. What is it?"

"Come and have dinner with us one evening. It would be such a pleasure for both of us.

And young Dickie, too. You'll like Dickie. Don't say 'No.' Think it over. Sleep on it. That's what you always used to tell me."

With the effect of deliberately changing the subject, so as to fend off a refusal, she added: "How do you think Cyril is looking?"

"That is a point," said Adversane, "to which I have given no thought."

"I'm rather worried about him. He's been having mysterious pains lately."

Has he indeed? Excellent. Death, then, will be a happy release. "Have you taken medical advice?" Adversane politely inquired.

"Yes, of course. Gastric something or other, the doctor says." Better and better, thought Adversane. Nothing could be more convenient.

"But never mind that," said Judith, hurrying on. "I mustn't make you talk shop. I say, George!" The childish locution, so characteristic of her, so well remembered, made his heart turn over. "Are you free by any chance tomorrow? Do come. We can give you a bed."

"So kind," said Adversane.

"Do you mean that? Or are you being sarcastic?"

He saw exactly how it was, he thought to himself. It was not enough that she had betrayed him and got what she wanted, a husband of her own age, and a child: it was necessary also to her comfort that she should feel good about it, and this could be achieved by securing his, Adversane's, friendly acquiescence.

This has been her idea, and Ludlow's, from the very first. The discarded husband was to be the elderly, benevolent spectator of their married bliss.

But no. He knew a trick worth two of that.

"I shall of course be delighted to come, Mrs. Ludlow," said Adversane.

His tone was urbane. His "Mrs. Ludlow" passed for playful. But the quality of his smile, as he replaced the receiver, told a very different story.

He returned to where Cyril Ludlow, nervously hopeful for the success of his stratagem, sat waiting for him.

"That was Judith on the phone, as no doubt you've guessed. She was so kind as to invite me to visit you at Maidenbridge tomorrow evening."

Eager, puppy-like, tail wagging. "And will you?" said Ludlow. "I do hope you will."

In that other life Adversane had been fond of Cyril Ludlow, had enjoyed his conversation, shared his appetite for ideas, and basked in his unconcealed admiration of George Adversane. In those days their disparity in age had seemed of less than no account.

But though he was the same Cyril Ludlow, surprisingly little changed, in this moment his very virtues were additional matters of offence.

That act of treachery had transformed him, for Adversane, into a monster of duplicity and cunning, unfit to live. Yet not so much a monster as a spoiled child who, having got everything he wanted, was eager to be friends again.

Worst of all, even after a lapse of seven years he was hatefully, insolently young; and I, thought Adversane, I am a tired old man, cast for the role of complaisant cuckold. They think me harmless, amiable, someone they can afford to be kind to. Well, we shall see . . .

Arriving by car, a little before seven o'clock, he had no difficulty in identifying the house: Ludlow's instructions had been admirably precise, as was to have been expected of so capable a journalist.

Mellow and well-proportioned, its white stone brilliant in the evening sunlight, the house stood well back from the road, half hidden by flowering trees. He turned his car into the drive; then, with twenty-five yards still to go, stopped and got out, moved by a sudden impulse to postpone, if only by a minute or two, the ordeal that lay ahead.

An ordeal it would be. The prospect of seeing Judith again, actual, in the flesh, was intolerably exciting; but that excitement, he told himself sternly, was utterly irrelevant to his purpose and must on no account be allowed to distract him from it. What he had set himself to do was not going to be easy.

He had a choice of weapons packed away in his suitcase, but for an opportunity to use them he must rely partly on luck. The cocktails? No. That, even if it could be contrived, would be premature.

And, moreover, much too crude. A subtler and more pleasing method would be a lethal injection, given either by stealth or under cover of administering medical treatment. He must be genial and friendly, with just that touch of characteristic irony that would be

To page 60



# A songbird in her gilded clothes



**JACKET AND TROUSERS** ensemble (above) is called a *sum-foo*. Florence Pong has worn this confection of pink satin and sequins for theatre appearances. Made in a less formal fabric, the *sum-foo* is popular in the East for casual wear. Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.



**GOLD-SEQUINED DRAGONS** decorate the corsage and skirt of Florence's blue delustrated satin dress. A feature of the dress is the deep slits at either side of the skirt; they extend well above the knee.



● Petite and pretty, 22-year-old soprano Florence Pong became the first Chinese to play in operetta in Australia last March, when she had a leading role in "Land of Smiles."

**F**LORENCE will make her next appearance on the Australian stage this month with the Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust Opera Company.

The five-month season opens in Brisbane on July 24, and will continue in Newcastle, Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide.

Florence will play the doll Olympia in "Tales of Hoffmann" and will be in the chorus of the season's other four operas.

Three years ago she left Hong-kong to study at the New South Wales Conservatorium of Music.

She brought exquisitely embroidered Chinese dresses, some of which are shown on this page.

**VIVID SATIN DRESS** (left) has a trail of hand-embroidered peach-blossom extending from collar to hemline. Florence is carrying a fan to accent the color of the dress.

**DRAMATIC SEQUINED** dragon (right) trails across Florence Pong's black delustrated satin dress. She adds color with a red scarf and matching flowers in her hair.







# London hails a blithe (and tax-free) spirit

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

● Noel Coward, who has breezed briefly into England from his faraway exile in Bermuda, is working on a new novel — "a light little thing about people, and nothing to do with the theatre."

I startled everybody by appearing again."

It is true that some ultra-patriotic Britishers have inveighed against Coward for living in Bermuda to keep some of his huge earnings free of British income-tax.

He was not a little aggrieved at this, but declared his financial plight forced him to go abroad to write.

He drew on a cigarette, raised his eyebrows, stared at the ceiling, and mused, "I went over the books with my accountant."

"We discovered something shocking — I was £19,000 (£A23,750) overdrawn at the bank. £19,000!"

"At 56, after a lifetime of earning big money, this was rather a startling discovery."

"The privilege of spending five weeks in Britain last year cost me £27,000 (£A33,750) in tax."

"I am not a business tycoon. If I fall sick tomorrow, I have no factory to keep me."

"So I decided to sell my homes in Britain and move

to Bermuda—where I pay no tax at all."

When the liner bearing Coward docked in England his cabin was immediately swamped with hordes of theatre celebrities, shrill cries of "Darling!", rich perfumes, hilarious chatter, all augmented by a covey of perspiring newspaper and newsreel men attempting to gouge out statements on the theme, beloved to every Briton, of dodging income tax.

Coward, exquisite in his blue-and-white-striped dressing-gown, sat crosslegged on the bed, and tried to keep his urbane smile going while they plied him with questions.

He chain-smoked and finally snapped, "I really do get bored with all this talk of tax."

"I was not owing a penny to the Inland Revenue, and I never have."

"I have come with the full knowledge and approval of the Inland Revenue, and will stay as long as they allow me."

"I love England, and have been free to visit her at any time for some time."

Coward sighed heavily, lit

another cigarette, and sniffed at the carnations overflowing his stateroom.

"I suppose this singling me out for criticism—this campaign against me—is the penalty of fame. I have a very celebrated name."

The real reason for Coward's return to England this time is to supervise the rehearsals of Michael Wilding, who is taking over the lead from Sir John Gielgud in Coward's stage play "Nude With Violin."

In spite of a panning by many distinguished British critics, this play has turned into a long-running West End hit.

Theatreland has welcomed Coward back on his first visit to England in 18 months with open arms.

The man known as "Master" to his stage cronies was actually cheered by the audience when he looked in on his play at the Globe Theatre.

There was not a single boo from the loyal surtax-payers in the stalls.

It has been a gay and heartening homecoming for the bland master.



THE PLAYWRIGHT poses with Michael Wilding after watching his play "Nude With Violin" at the Globe Theatre. Wilding takes over the lead from Sir John Gielgud soon.

Apart from the permanent suntan the West Indies has given him, he has, he confesses, learned to cook.

"And I am rather good, especially at pastries. I excel at pastries," he said.

"I am better than Cole (his long-time secretary and friend) at pastries, though he is better at roasts."

"Making puff-pastry is quite fascinating. Takes some doing, too."

"When Kay Kendall and Rex Harrison came down to the island, Coley and I shared the cooking and whipped up three meals a day, with Kay helping, of course."

"Not Rex. He just sat and ate it. He was quite flattering about it though."

Coward frowned and thought.

"It's quite monstrous, really," he said, shaking his

head. "I mean—a man of my talent wasting his time cooking for Rex Harrison. I got no writing done at all."

"Life in Bermuda is good," he said. "Apart from the cooking, I do my own shopping."

"All I have to do is swim out to my speedboat, looking rather magnificent, tear at furious speed over to Hamilton, across the bay, and then take my metal trolley around the supermarket."

"Terrible fun! I can't tell you the things I end up with."

Coward is staying at the fabulous Oliver Messel suite atop the Dorchester Hotel.

Now a man addicted, or so he says, to the simple island life, he waves a hand at all the sophisticated opulence of his suite and says, "It's terribly exotic. It's not really me."

## Ancient mariner lives again

By RONALD McKIE, staff reporter

● Behind Henrietta Drake-Brockman's recently published historical novel, "The Wicked and the Fair," lie eight years of world-wide research, 18 months of writing, and a fascination for a 17th-century Hollander which began when she was 15.

THE Hollander is Francisco Pelsaert, Commander of the United East India Company of the Netherlands. Henrietta Drake-Brockman is the well-known Western Australian novelist, short-story writer, and playwright.

Pelsaert was a sensitive man with a Will Shakespeare beard, upturned moustaches, and a way with the ladies, who was for 10 years at the Court of the Great Mogul at Agra and a member of the Council of India at Batavia.

He won himself a place in earliest Australian history when his ship, the Batavia, hit a reef in Houtman's Abrolhos, Western Australia, 141 years before Captain Cook entered Botany Bay.

After the wreck, in 1629, Pelsaert sailed a small boat 2000 miles to Batavia and returned in the frigate Sardam to find mutiny, massacre, and debauch among the survivors. He hanged some of the mutineers, marooned two (our first New Australians), recovered some treasure, and rescued the survivors, including beautiful Lucretia Jansz.

This is the story Henrietta Drake-Brockman has used for her novel.

"I've been living so long in the 17th century," she said when she hopped across to Sydney from Perth recently, "that I find it hard to adjust myself to the 20th—including two children and five grandchildren."

"For eight years I've been involved in a gigantic detective story, with clues from all over the world. But unlike most whodunits I've had to work backwards in my research for a clear picture."

To be able to write her novel, the author had to study the political and religious background of the 17th century and the colonial policies of European nations.

She had to understand how 17th-century ships were rigged and sailed, and the costume and customs of the time.

She had to read every word written by Pelsaert or about Pelsaert in the past 300 years, and to search for and assemble photostats of hundreds of old records and documents.

Henrietta Drake-Brockman knows Western Australia's north-west intimately. She has lived in it, and has written

a lot about it. But she had never been to Houtman's Abrolhos, where Pelsaert's Batavia was wrecked.

So she went out to the Abrolhos in a crayfish boat and made her first startling discovery: In the Pelsaert group the islands she wanted were not in the right place, so she decided, after talking to the crayfishermen, that the islands must be in the Wallabi group. But here she ran into another snag, for the group fitted the historical picture but were one island short.

Back in Perth she decided the only way to check all the islands in the Wallabi group was to fly over them, and, with official permission, she flew in a Neptune submarine-detector plane on a regulation coastal-survey flight.

Then she not only found her missing island but thinks she located the exact site where Batavia was wrecked.

"A chest of Dutch guilders and a cannon should be there," she says, "but after 328 years they're probably covered with tons of coral."

Apart from Francisco Pelsaert, Henrietta Drake-Brockman discovered aboard the Batavia a genuine heroine of



Henrietta Drake-Brockman

great beauty and charm.

This is Lucretia Jansz, who was on her way to Batavia.

"When I first began research on Lucretia," the author says, "I knew nothing about her, but decided that she was young, beautiful, married, and childless, and that Francisco Pelsaert was probably in love with her."

"That was how I wanted her to be, and that's exactly how I found her to be, except that she was also an heiress."

From the little I already know of Lucretia, her charms so disturbed every male on board over 14 years of age that I'm not at all surprised Pelsaert's voyage ended in shipwreck and mutiny.

Even from a distance of three centuries, Lucretia of Houtman's Abrolhos makes Marilyn Monroe look like a simple, plain country girl.

## BIG PRIZES FOR SHORT STORIES

● Readers are invited to submit short stories in our Fiction Contest, organised in conjunction with the short-story section of the International Correspondence Schools.

Prizes are as follows:

- £50 each for the six best stories.
- £100 for best story by author who has never had any writing published.
- £100 for the story voted best by our readers.
- Three prizes of £50, £25, and £10 each to readers for the best comments on their choice.

Stories should be between 3000 and 5000 words, must be original, and not previously published. Entries should bear the author's name and address (including State) on each page, and should be addressed Short Story Contest, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. They must be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for return of manuscripts.

Entries by competitors who have never had any writings published should be marked "Unpublished."

First Australian publication rights of the prize-winning stories will be retained by The Australian Women's Weekly. It also reserves the right to buy six stories, other than the prize-winners, at £25 each, and any others at the usual rate of payment under the same conditions.

The judges will be the Editor, Fiction Editor, and Fiction Department staff of The Australian Women's Weekly.

No correspondence will be entered into concerning the awards. Closing date for entries is August 5, 1957.

Employees of the International Correspondence Schools and of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and employees' families are not eligible to enter.



# A good breakfast



## eggs belong in everybody's breakfast

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If you're watching your budget, eggs mean economy as the meal or in the meal. With large eggs selling at 3/11 per lb., a main-dish serving costs only a few pence per head—and eggs add appeal to any meal. So be good to you and yours. Include extra eggs in your week. Enjoy them often, too, as you "eat out." You'll look better, feel better, work and play better. Eggs belong in your daily living!



### DEVILLED EGGS

6 eggs, 2 egg yolks, 2 tablespoons milk, 1½ ozs. butter, 1 level teaspoon mustard, 1 tablespoon hot chutney, 1 rather bacon, 2 slices buttered toast, parsley sprigs for garnishing, salt.

Grease an ovenproof dish. Remove rind from bacon—cut finely, fry. Remove from pan and set aside. If necessary, add more butter to pan and fry 6 eggs. When cooked, lift carefully into hot ovenproof dish, pour sauce over.

**SAUCE.** Put milk and butter into saucepan with salt, cayenne and nutmeg to taste—bring to boil. Add mustard and chutney and the beaten egg yolks. Stir over low heat until thick, but do not boil. Add prepared bacon. Pour over eggs. Garnish with parsley sprigs and buttered toast cut into triangles.

### CURRIED EGGS

6 eggs (hard boiled), ½ pt. milk, 2 ozs. butter, 5 level tablespoons flour, 1 level tablespoon curry powder, 1 level teaspoon paprika to taste, juice of ½ lemon, 1 lb. cold boiled rice, parsley and slices lemon for garnish. Boil eggs hard, cut lengthwise. Cook rice and heat in double saucepan.

**TO MAKE SAUCE.** Melt butter in saucepan—remove from heat, stir in flour, flavourings and curry powder until quite smooth, add milk and stir until boiling, cook 3 minutes—add lemon juice. Lightly fold in the prepared eggs. Turn into a hot dish, serve with a border of rice—garnish with lemon wedges and parsley.

## ALL TOGETHER

# egg



# ast with eggs

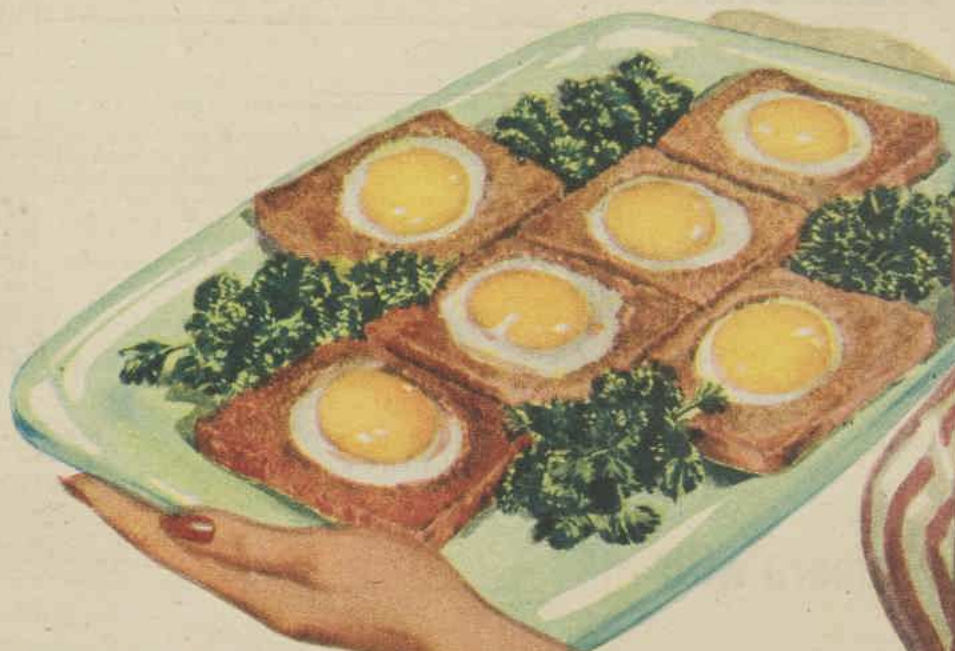
means **"GOOD MORNING"** all day



## EGG CROQUETTES

4 eggs (hard boiled), 1½ oz. butter, 3 level table-  
spoons flour, 1 cup milk, salt, cayenne, paprika and  
nutmeg to flavour, egg glazing, seasoned flour (2  
tablespoons flour, salt and pepper), breadcrumbs, 2  
rashers bacon, parsley sprigs for garnishing. Boil eggs  
hard, shell and chop finely.

**MAKE PANADA.** Melt butter, stir in flour off stove,  
add milk, stir until boiling, cook 3 minutes, add  
flavourings and prepared eggs. Turn onto plate to  
cool. Divide into 8 equal portions, shape in seasoned  
flour, dip in egg glazing, toss in breadcrumbs. Firm  
crumbs on with blade of knife.  
Deep fry in hot fat, drain on white paper—serve on  
hot dish with rolls, grilled bacon, garnish with parsley  
sprigs.



## PICTURE-FRAME EGGS

With biscuit cutter, remove centres from bread slices.  
Heat some butter in frying pan, fit in the slices of  
bread, one layer deep, and cook until brown and crisp  
on one side. Add more butter and then turn the  
bread. Slip an egg into the centre of each slice of  
bread. Cook until the eggs are to your liking. Serve  
garnished with paprika and chopped parsley.

*These recipes have been tested and prepared by staff members of the  
Home Science School, East Sydney Technical College.*



# KEEP YOU GOING!



# eggs



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## Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as £10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

### WEEK'S BEST LETTER

IT'S all very well for traffic chiefs to appeal to drivers to stop at pedestrian crossings, but how about pedestrians showing a little commonsense? It's crazy the way people step suddenly off the kerb in front of cars only 20 yards away and expect the vehicles to strain everything to stop short, with the risk of following cars crashing into them. I saw exactly that happen last week. The pedestrian could have stopped for a gap in the traffic much more easily than cars could stop for her. Instead, she sailed serenely across the road, leaving behind two cars damaged to the tune of about £100.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. Milton, 55 Margate Street, Ramsgate, N.S.W.

IT frightens me how little many new settlers seem to know about our country. During a recent trip home on a Dutch migrant ship I was asked in all seriousness whether it was true that you couldn't buy chocolates in Australia. Even British people display astounding ignorance about us. Surely our immigration authorities could ensure that new citizens are better informed before they come here.

10/6 to Miss B. Hunn, 1 Gowrie Street, New Town, Tas.

OFTEN I think we are not appreciative enough of the tradesmen who serve us so well every day, year in, year out. I think I'm very lucky in those who cater for my needs. My grocer never presses me to buy anything, but his cheerful, energetic manner and personal interest ensure custom. Then my milkman is a real "cheer-up" when he calls each week for payment, and I appreciate my butcher's exceedingly clean shop and courteous assistants. The same can be said about the greengrocers, too. I think they are all my friends, and can't understand why so many women are perpetually grumbling about them.

10/6 to Mrs. C. P. Brice, 10 Hardy Street, Goodwood, S.A.

A FATHER I know takes harsh steps to accustom his children to what he calls "the disappointments in life." Sometimes he waits until his three children are dressed ready to leave for a children's party before he tells them they are not allowed to go. He maintains that this sort of thing is good for their characters, and will harden them so that disappointments they encounter as they go through life will not worry them too much. What do other readers think?

10/6 to "Lilac Time" (name supplied), Queenscliff, Vic.

WHAT a very real benefit it would be for hand-knitters if manufacturers of knitting wools made half and quarter skeins? Frequently just a small piece of wool is required to complete a garment, and it is such a waste to be forced to buy a whole extra skein for which there is no other use. All my friends agree, so what about it, manufacturers?

10/6 to Mrs. B. White, 22 Flower Street, Essendon W.5, Vic.

### Hospital flowers

THIS concern over flowers in hospital wards has interested me very much, and the latest, by "Pansy Patch" (12/6/57), has even raised my eyebrows a little. As a former nurse, I can assure "Pansy Patch" that although no "flower girl" is employed, one nurse is usually assigned the duty of tending the flowers, and it is quite often a girl has a flair for doing so. Admittedly this is in addition to her other pre-breakfast duties, but to the right girl it is a pleasing and satisfying duty. I know, because I was "flower girl" for two years.

10/6 to Mrs. T. M. Barr, 8 Glenburnie Avenue, Torrens Park, S.A.

### Gifts to the rich

IF I were Mrs. Harvey (12/6/57) I wouldn't worry about people sending gifts to children of Royal or famous people. I fancy mothers are the same the world over, and do not wish their children spoiled by too many toys, etc. I have read repeatedly where our own Queen has stated that gifts sent to the Royal children cannot be accepted, and will be given to orphanages and hospitals. Perhaps, in this way, gifts from outsiders prove a blessing, because the under-privileged score where they otherwise would not.

10/6 to Mrs. Milba Wilkinson, Flat 90, Light Street, Bar Beach, N.S.W.

### Family affairs

DESPITE attempts to train our two small children to be unselfish, whenever there were special treats such as cake or chocolate there was always a squabble over "the biggest bit." But now we have solved the problem. One child is given the task of dividing the food into halves, and the other child has first choice. The care and deliberation that go into this little ceremony is worthy of someone weighing out caviare. But the portions are as equal as it is humanly possible to make them, and the problem of complaints has been solved.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Innes Williams, 21 New Street, Balgowlah, N.S.W.

Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

## Ross Campbell writes...

I DROPPED a terrible brick the other night.

I had just been introduced to a Mrs. Spleen. She was a stately woman aged somewhere in the fifties.

She was talking about a part of Melbourne where she once lived.

"I used to live there when I was a boy," I said.

"I don't think I knew you," she replied.

"Perhaps you knew my parents," I said.

I knew at once I had put my foot in it.

She gave me a freezing stare.

"My parents might have known your parents," she said. Then she walked off.

It's risky to say anything that suggests a woman's memory goes back a long way.

A topic that can get you into this kind of trouble is moving pictures.

You innocently ask a plump matron: "Was Mary Pickford as attractive as Ava Gardner?"

She may have been a fan of Mary Pickford in her young days.

But ten to one she answers: "I'm

### THE AGE OF DISCRETION

afraid Mary Pickford was a lot before my time."

(She also gives a nervous laugh that means: "I'd like to cut your throat!")

You don't have to go as far back as Mary Pickford.

Many women get huffy if you



suggest they ever saw Norma Shearer.

You should be careful what you say about popular songs, too.

On the radio they often play old things like *You're the Cream in My Coffee*.

Don't say to a lady guest: "That

was a good tune to dance to. Remember it?"

She will reply coldly: "I hadn't learned to walk at the time."

The war is a special trap, of course.

If you hint that a woman has grown-up before the war, it means she is pushing 40 now at least.

So watch out when you mention Hitler, for example, to someone in that age-group.

Always add: "But I don't suppose you remember him. You must have been only a child then."

The worst mistake of all is to get the two World Wars mixed up.

Your blue-haired hostess remarks: "I was married during the war, you know."

Without thinking, you ask: "Was that World War I?"

If it wasn't, you're not asked there again.

The best rule for a man is simply this: always pretend to be older than a woman.

If singers are discussed, say: "I'm still loyal to old Bing. I suppose you're one of the Frankie Laine Club?"

It may sound silly. But it's safer than asking how she liked Caruso.





**These are Australian: FIREWHEEL TREE**

Brilliant scarlet blossoms resembling in shape the spokes of a wheel adorn the magnificent Firewheel tree (*Stenocarpus sinuatus*) pictured here. Now widely cultivated, it belongs to the rain forests of Queensland and New South Wales, grows from 30 to 100 feet high.

Picture by staff photographer Ron Berg.



# Here's your answer

● I don't agree with people who say schooldays are the happiest days of life; but they must seem like it to teenagers grappling with problems of love and life instead of homework.

A MIXED bag of letters arrived for me this week, without a happy letter among them. Here is the first problem:

"I WOULD like your advice on a matter that concerns my girl-friend. She is 16 and attractive, with a good figure, but dislikes going to dances or showing any interest in them whatsoever. We fear if she doesn't go now she will not be able to enjoy dances later on."

"Friend," Vic.

Don't worry about your friend. She'll enjoy dances later on just as much as you who are a good enough friend

By LOUISE HUNTER

to worry about her feelings.

Girls, in fact all people, grow up at different ages. Some girls become interested in boys at 14, others aren't remotely concerned about them until they are 17 or 18. But no matter how young or old you are when you become interested in boys, you enjoy dances when you begin to go to them.

To be frank, I think if you don't start to go to them before you are 17 or 18 you enjoy them more, because you are not so shy and you have more social experience.

But talking of dancing, I'll

tell you what I do think—every girl and boy should learn to dance—not wait till they begin to attend them. If a girl can accept an invitation to a dance, or a boy give one, without worry or embarrassment it makes life much happier. Dancing classes are the ideal way to learn, but older brothers and sisters or friends, even parents, can teach you well enough to give you confidence.

"I AM 15, and I have been going out with a man of 25. I told him I couldn't be serious, as I was too young, and he realised this. My parents do not disapprove of me going out with him and



## A word from Debbie . . .

The Orient is with us for the spring, and you can be in it, too.

● Have you a sleek pony-tail hair-do? Tuck the ends under and make a bun worn high on the back of your head. Right? Buy a pair of long, steel-lined knitting needles and lacquer them your favorite color—the right color contrast for your hair—and push them through your bun. When they're in place through your chignon they should form a capital X, with the knobs at the top of the head. Hair worn this way gives you the very newest touch—the Oriental Look.

To add to it, wear an obi sash with straight-to-the-ankle black satin amah pants—this is very Debbie-San.

appear to like him. I have got to a stage where I think I am in love with him, so I told him we would have to stop going out together and just be friends, and he agreed. Please try to help me by telling me if I did the right thing.

"Daisy," Qld.

Of course you did the right thing. At 15 no one I have ever met has known the true state of their feelings. And there is such a big difference in your ages that I don't really think you could be anything but very flattered and impressed by his courting.

It's very easy to mistake the exhilaration of constant flattery for "love." I think you are very wise to have decided as you did.

"MY mother died five years ago and I am an only child keeping house for my father. I am 19 and engaged to be married. Recently I went on holidays for two weeks, and when I came back learned that my fiancé had been taking out another girl. This girl, a slight acquaintance

of mine, told me that my fiancé made ardent love to her. I do not know whether to believe her or not, but next time I went out with my fiancé he seemed to be preoccupied and did not even kiss me, except for a goodnight 'peck.' Do you suggest I should have it out with him or just forget the matter? I did think of breaking it off with him, but I couldn't unless I had definite proof of his unfaithfulness."

E.M.J., Vic.

I refuse to become involved in such a serious issue. I don't know whether your story is true or anything at all of your fiancé's side of the question.

All I can say is that you want to be very sure of your feelings and his before you begin a lifetime partnership. According to statistics you've got about 50 years of life ahead of you. Make as sure as you can that whatever steps you take will contribute to the happiness, not the unhappiness, of those years.

## DISC DIGEST

A SORT of Cole Porter of the 1880s, Offenbach is best known for his "Tales of Hoffmann" and "Gaiete Parisienne." There is now a chance to become familiar with his delightfully melodic and witty music via a new 12-inch LP (P.8102) named "La Vie Parisienne." There are four lengthy suites made up from "La Belle Helene," "Bluebeard," "The Grand Duc de Gerolstein," and "La Vie Parisienne." If you enjoy the gay rhythms of cancan and galops, interspersed with luscious melodies, then this disc is for your collection.

It would be hard to think of a more fitting memorial to the art of the late Walter Gieseking than his magnificent recording of the complete piano works of Maurice Ravel. This project takes three 12-inch LPs (330CXS 1350 to 330CXS 1352), of which one is single-sided, and there are 54 recorded sides.

Ravel's output for the piano which is much smaller than expected, comprises "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Gaspard de la Nuit," "Sonatine in F Sharp Minor," "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales," "Prelude," "Pavane for a Dead Infanta," "Menuet sur le nom de Haydn," "A la maniere de Borodine," "A la maniere de Chabrier," "Menuet Antique," "Jeux d'Eau," and "Miroirs." As may be expected, Gieseking's performance is impeccable, and this set will be treasured by collectors.

The discs, packed in a handsome booklet, which, in addition to many portraits of Ravel, carries an appreciation of the music by Maurice Delage, two other articles of great interest to music-lovers, and one called "On Playing Ravel" by Gieseking.

—BERNARD FLETCHER



● Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for "The Nicest Compliment" and "The Best Backhander." Here are this week's winners.

### THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

DURING the depression we were extremely poor, and I regretted lack of amusements for my children.

Recently my eldest daughter, writing to me about her children, said: "I want their childhood to be as happy as ours. Now I understand what a struggle you had, but then we didn't know we were poor—we only knew we were happy."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. Irene Jackson, Glenburgh Station, via Mullewa, W.A.

### THE BEST BACKHANDER

I WAS rather flattered recently when a friend told me that I had the secret of eternal youth, until she added: "You will always be childish."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. V. Yule, 46 William Street, Abbotsford, Vic.

● Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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MOTHER



"It would be easier to wash porridge saucepans than keep helping you build the models on this packet."

# It seems to me

By



Dorothy Dearn

EVERY time Princess Margaret appears with a new escort there's a fresh spate of romantic speculation.

Latest man to thus make the headlines is Lord Patrick Beresford. The gossips hit on a point of interest when they noted that at Ascot the Princess and Lord Patrick leaned on the rails and chatted with animation, paying no attention to the horses.

"This was considered significant," said one writer, "because Lord Patrick is usually a keen racing man."

There is no doubt that a man's temporary abandonment of his favorite hobby may mean romance. For that matter, when a woman discards some interest, or acquires a new one, it is also worthy of note.

But there's an important difference.

Consider a girl who suddenly replaces a passion for jazz with political meetings or classical concerts. As a result, she may spend the rest of her life going to political meetings or classical concerts.

But when a young man who formerly spent all his evenings at the pub with the boys starts attending a glee club, any sensible woman knows it won't last after marriage.

I once knew a man who for a time seemed to prefer hooking wool-rugs to playing golf. Ask his wife now how long it is since he hooked a wool-rug.

★ ★ ★

FOLLOWING on a paragraph which spoke slightly of the new vogue for pale pink lips and expressed a wish for emerald-green for a change, I had a charming letter from a firm which handles nail polish.

The writer assures me that there will soon be green nail polish on the market, and has promised me a bottle.

I'm willing to try it, but I sincerely hope nobody does make green lipstick. Talk about eating one's words . . .

★ ★ ★

THE Federal Government has made a sensible and humane move in admitting to Australian citizenship 2200 Asians, mostly Chinese, who live in New Guinea.

Sixteen hundred of them are children and grandchildren of Asians who came to New Guinea before 1920, when Australia took over the Territory from Germany.

There has been criticism by diehard supporters of the White Australia policy, which was a cosy idea in the days when it didn't matter if Australia offended Eastern nations.

The very name "White Australia policy" left a bitter legacy of hatred which modern euphemisms for it cannot erase.

Few Australians would advocate a complete abandonment of the old stand. There has to be some protection for the small population and its standard of living. But reasonable easing of it helps to break down the implication of racial superiority which has been so offensive to Asia.

HARD on the heels of the bitter controversy about the right of the Japanese to try a G.I. accused of shooting a Japanese woman comes the news that most American ground forces will soon be removed from Japan.

It is now 12 years since the war, and undoubtedly the time has come when the Japanese no longer need to sit quiet. If they want to make an outcry they do—and they are doing it with increasing success.

It is, of course, essential that eventually normal relations must be restored between victor and vanquished, but it is impossible for anyone who visited Japan shortly after the war not to look back wryly on those early days.

Both in 1946 and 1950 when I visited Japan I was continually astonished by the number of Americans who earnestly believed that the Japanese LIKED the Americans.

Close contact between any races naturally leads to some breaking down of prejudice among individuals. But, especially in the early days, there were many Americans, both men and women, working on jobs designed to "teach democracy" to the Japanese, convinced their crusade was popular.

Many were quite starry-eyed. They ignored two important factors. One is that no country likes occupying troops, even friendly ones.

The other is that Oriental people are particularly adept at taking the long view and concealing their feelings meanwhile.

★ ★ ★

ON a railway station the other morning a young father overheard a conversation which impressed him deeply.

It was between two small boys, aged around eight.

"What happened to your beaut bird, Jim?" one asked.

The other one was evasive. My informant listened more closely.

It appeared that the bird was a drawing which had aroused considerable interest and admiration at school. Finally the artist, pressed by the other boy, answered:

"Oh, I showed it to my mum," he said off-handedly. "She wasn't interested. So I tore it up."

★ ★ ★

FILM star Elizabeth Taylor and husband, Mike Todd, staged a quarrel at London Airport over a missed plane and Mike offered to charter a plane for Nice, with a stop at Paris. "I don't want to go to Paris," said Miss Taylor. "Paris bores me."

Take second thought, control your sneers, What would we do without them? Such gilded lives in higher spheres!

It's nice to read about them. With pleasures and with trials, too, Above the mundane soaring—

These ladies need compassion who, Like Liz, find Paris boring.

## Such beautiful clocks that last so long!

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## SCOOP IN SPRING MILLINERY...

### THE TURBAN IN FANCIFUL SHAPES



• Trim all-day turban (left) made in smooth fine-textured wool and finished at centre-front with a flat, tailored, self-material bow. It conceals back hair.



• Flowered turban (above) made entirely of tiny massed blossoms, trimmed with a velvet ribbon and worn with a fine-mesh face veil. The deep-on-the-head floral hat is seen in every spring millinery collection. Violets and roses are the popular choice.



• One of the newest millinery silhouettes (above) to hit town in several seasons is worn horizontally. The turban looks equally chic worn vertically. The material is heavy-textured waffle silk. This one should be worn only by a very pretty girl or a very sophisticated older woman.



• Maggy Rouff's jacket ensemble and matching turban made in a spring favorite—white cotton faille coin-spotted in inky black.



Watch for the new turban made in dress fabric or flowers; the ones we show here all have a Paris label.

This season's turban is out to get attention in new ultra silhouettes; and any time in the daylight, or after dark, it looks chic and gay. The way to wear one? Fitted well on the head and tipped back, leaving the brow beautifully uncluttered.

— BETTY KEEP



• Brilliant young Paris designer Guy La Roche designed the "shower cap" turban, above. The cap, made in coarse net and scattered with a flower trim, is worn back to show the forehead.



• Gres' jelly-bag turban is made in black silk taffeta and trimmed in its back folds with a rose.



• Wrapped turban (above) by Gres slips out from the wearer's neckline, but can also be worn draped close around the hairline. The material is a ripple silk in a new-again spring favorite—lilac.



• Jean Dessès chooses a rose theme for his romantic late-day turban (above), made in summer-sky-blue organza. Worn well back from the brow and hairline, it is one of the prettiest and most flattering turbans in all Paris.



• Coin-spotted mousseline and taffeta are combined in the chic turban above. The hat is deep-set enough for comfort, but bars the brow for flattery. The color scheme is new—dark brown and pale honey-beige spots on white.



WINTER IS THE  
TIME FOR ...

# Pastry

*Sweet or savory pies help provide some of the most popular meals on chilly winter days. Learn to bake a good pie, big enough for second helpings.*

ON these pages are lots of recipes for pies of various flavors. Detailed recipes for the pastries appear overleaf, together with a full list of helpful hints and suggestions which will enable the most inexperienced cook to become a perfect pie-maker.

Spoon measurements in all our recipes are level.

## INDIAN MINCE PIE

One and a half pounds minced beef, 1 large onion, 1 tablespoon shortening, 2 tablespoons flour, salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 cup stock or water, 12oz. shortcrust pastry, pastry glazing.

Separate minced beef into small pieces and toss in flour, which has been seasoned with salt, pepper, and curry powder. Dice onion finely and lightly fry in shortening; add meat, and cook until browned all over, stirring frequently. Add stock or water, stir well, simmer 20 to 30 minutes. Cool. Using two-thirds pastry mixture, roll out and line a 9in. pie-plate. Fill with curried meat and top with remaining pastry. Glaze with egg or milk and

bake in hot oven 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate for a further 15 to 20 minutes. Cut into wedges to serve.

## VEAL-AND-HAM PIE

One and a half pounds veal fillets, ½lb. sliced ham or bacon, ½lb. mushrooms, 12oz. shortcrust pastry, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon shortening, 1 meat bouillon cube, 1 cup boiling water, 1 egg.

Slice veal thinly and cut into 2in. pieces with the ham or bacon. Wash and slice mushrooms. Line a large pie-plate with pastry, reserving some for top strips. Fill pastry-case with alternate layers of sliced veal, ham, and mushrooms, sprinkling each layer lightly with salt and pepper. Dot with pieces of shortening. Dissolve the bouillon cube in boiling water. Beat egg lightly and add a little at a time to the hot bouillon. Pour carefully over meat and mushroom layers. Cover pie with greased paper and place in hot oven for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to slow and bake a further 1½ hours. Roll out remaining pastry and cut into strips. Remove pie from oven, arrange strips in pattern over it, and replace in oven until pastry is golden brown and crisp. Serve piping hot in generous wedges.

## SCOTCH LAMB PIES

One and a half pounds stewing lamb, 2 tablespoons seasoned flour, 1 onion, 1 clove garlic (optional), 2 tablespoons melted shortening, 1 cup water, 2 stalks celery, 4 small carrots, 1 cup shelled peas, 12oz. shortcrust pastry, ¼ cup rice, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 dessertspoon butter, parsley.

Cut lamb into 1in. cubes, dust with seasoned flour. Lightly fry sliced onion and garlic in melted shortening, add lamb, and brown on all sides. Pour in water, cover pan, and simmer until meat is almost tender. Add sliced carrots and celery and cook a further 30 minutes, adding peas during the last 10 minutes. While stew is simmering, line one large or four small ovenproof dishes with pastry, prick base well, bake in hot oven until golden brown and crisp. Wash rice well, and cook until soft in plenty of salted water, drain, add butter and grated onion, and stand aside. Thicken lamb mixture with remaining seasoned flour blended in a little water, cook a further 5 minutes. Spoon into hot pastry-cases and pile rice round the edge. Garnish with parsley and serve.

## OPEN-TOP SEAFOOD PIE

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, 1½lb. smoked or fresh fish, ½lb. mushrooms (optional), ½lb. prawns, 1 pint medium thickness white sauce, salt and pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 dessertspoons shortening, parsley.

Line pie-dish with rolled pastry, prick well, pinch edge. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Steam or simmer fish in usual way. Break into bite-sized pieces. Peel and chop mushrooms, fry gently in 1 dessertspoon of the shortening. Shell prawns, reserving six for garnishing, chop. Add fish, mushrooms, prawns, and lemon juice to sauce, add seasonings to taste. Fill into pastry-case. Dot with remaining shortening. Return to moderate oven 15 minutes. Garnish with prawns and parsley, serve piping hot.

## BERRY PIE

Three cups fresh or frozen raspberries, blackberries, or mulberries, ½ to ¾ cup sugar, 1 cup water, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 12oz. champagne pastry, egg or milk glazing, 1 tablespoon sugar.

Combine berries and ½ to ¾ cup sugar (according to taste) with water, and heat until boiling. Blend cornflour in a little extra water and lemon juice. Add to berries and stir until thickened, simmer 3 to 5 minutes, and stand aside to cool. Line an 8 or 9in. pie-plate with pastry, and glaze edge well. Fill pastry-case with berry mixture and smooth out. Roll out remaining pastry to fit top of pie-plate, lift on carefully, and cut around edges to neaten. Decorate edges with a pinched frill or similar pattern. Cut several slits in pastry cover, glaze all over, sprinkle with the 1 tablespoon sugar, and bake in hot oven 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate and bake a further 15 to 20 minutes.

## CRUMBED APPLE MINCE TART

One and a half cups cooked unsweetened apple pulp, 6 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 cup sultanas, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 table-

spoon sherry, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, 1½ cups spoon mixed spice, ½lb. biscuit pastry, sugar. Topping: One tablespoon brown sugar, 1½ cups spoon mixed spice, 1 teaspoon cooking oil, 1½ cups spoon fine cake or biscuit crumbs, 1½ cups spoon melted butter.

Drain off any liquid from apples and stand aside. Roll out pastry to required size, place in 9in. tart-plate; pinch a frill along edge and cut out leaf-shapes from balance of pastry. Mix together the apple pulp, sultanas, lemon juice, sherry, and spicing, fill pastry-case. Mix together all topping ingredients and sprinkle over apple mixture. Place pastry-leaf shapes on top and bake in moderate to hot oven 30 to 35 minutes.

## GLAZED PEAR FLAN

Cornflake Mixture: Two cups crushed cornflakes, ¼ cup sugar, 2-3rds cup melted butter. Combine crushed cornflakes, sugar, and melted butter. Press into a greased 9in. flan.

Cheese Topping: One tablespoon brown sugar, 1 cup cold water, 3 eggs (separated), 1 cup pears, 1 cup cream cheese, 2 tablespoons



**SWEET SUGGESTIONS** are illustrated above to help build your reputation as a perfect pastry maker—glazed pear flan, using a simply made crumb crust; berry pie, made with champagne pastry; and crumbed apple mince tart, a delightful combination of flavors in a sweet pastry-case. Read the helpful hints and suggestions on the following page to make sure of praise from grateful friends and from your own family.

By Our Food and Cook

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 10, 1957





*DURING WINTER MONTHS* most people get a craving for piping hot savory pies, some filled with meat, some filled with vegetables, and some with interesting combinations, but all well filled and encased in crisp golden pastry. The dishes illustrated above are Indian mince, veal and ham, and individual Scotch lamb pies. Also on this page is a recipe for a pie using fresh or smoked fish.

juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar.

**Pear Glaze:** One cup pear syrup, 1 dessertspoon arrowroot, red food coloring.

1. Soften gelatine in cold water. Combine egg-yolks, 1 cup crushed pears, lemon juice, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar. Cook over hot water until thick, stirring constantly. Add gelatine and stir until dissolved. Remove from heat and add cream cheese, beating until smooth. Chill until partially set. Whip egg-whites until stiff, and gradually add the  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar. Fold into gelatine mixture and pour on to cornflake crunch. Place in refrigerator until firm. Arrange remaining pear halves on top, and carefully mask with a glaze made from blending and heating the arrowroot and pear syrup, colored as desired. Remove flan ring and lift carefully on to serving plate.

#### CHOCOLATE CRUNCH PEACH PIE

**Chocolate Crunch:** One and a half cups rice breakfast cereal, 3 tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons cocoa,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cinnamon, 4 tablespoons melted margarine or butter.

**Peach Filling:** One dessertspoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup milk, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons sugar, pinch salt, almond essence, 1 cup diced, fresh, peeled, and stoned peaches (or tinned peaches), extra sliced peaches and cherries to decorate.

Place rice cereal in basin, add sugar, cocoa, and cinnamon, mix well. Gradually stir in melted margarine or butter, stirring until all dry ingredients are moistened. Take out  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of the mixture and reserve for topping. Turn the balance into 8in. tart-plate, and press out to cover surface with back of a spoon. Chill for several hours until firm.

Softened gelatine in cold water. Warm milk in top part of double boiler. Beat egg-yolk, add sugar and salt, stir in warmed milk. Return to saucepan, stir over gently boiling water until custard coats a silver spoon (do not allow to boil). Remove from heat immediately, add gelatine, stir until dissolved, flavor with almond essence, cool. When beginning to thicken, whip lightly with rotary beater, then fold in stiffly beaten egg-white and chopped peaches. Fill into prepared pie-

shell, top with the  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chocolate crunch, chill until set. Decorate with peach slices and cherries. Serve cold with or without ice-cream.

#### HAVANA CREAM PIE

One cooked 8in. biscuit pastry-case,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups milk, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons margarine or butter,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon vanilla essence.

Mix together  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of the sugar, cornflour, and salt. Gradually stir in milk. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until mixture boils and thickens, simmer 1 minute. Gradually add beaten egg-yolks, stir, and cook further 2 minutes. Add margarine or butter and vanilla, beat until very smooth, cool slightly. Pour into baked and cooled pastry-case, allow to cool. Beat egg-whites until stiff and frothy, gradually add remaining  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar.

Pile on to filled tart, return to moderate oven until lightly browned.

#### VARIATIONS

**Coconut Cream Pie:** Stir  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup desiccated coconut into cream filling, cover with meringue, and top with  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup shredded or desiccated coconut.

**Chocolate Cream Pie:** Add 6 squares chocolate roughly chopped (from  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. block) to milk and heat until chocolate is melted. Cool before adding to sugar and cornflour. Top with extra chopped chocolate.

**Butterscotch Cream Pie:** Substitute  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup brown sugar for  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup white sugar used in cream filling, and increase margarine or butter to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons.

**Strawberry Cream Pie:** Cover cream filling with halved strawberries before adding meringue. Serve decorated with whole strawberries.

Expert, **LEILA C. HOWARD**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 10, 1957

● Basic pastry recipes overleaf.

Page 33



# GOOD PASTRY TIPS

● Your reputation as a cook depends partly on the kind of pies you bake. If your pastry is deliciously tender and delicately browned, you have mastered the art of pastry-making.

**PASTRY-MAKING** can be easy once you have learned the simple rules.

Some of the secrets of successful pastry-making are:

● Always make a point while making pastry of keeping the shortening, flour, the cooking utensils, and the hands as cool as possible.

● A preheated oven means that the fat in the pastry is quickly absorbed by the flour

—thus ensuring a light crisp crust.

● Always sift together the dry ingredients so as to get as much air as possible into the mixture.

● To prevent pastry for tarts, flans, etc., rising at the bottom, cover the pastry base with greaseproof paper and fill with dried beans, or rice, bake for 10 minutes, remove paper and beans, then return to oven for remainder of cooking time. The same beans

may be stored and used each time pastry is being cooked.

● Cut off pastry edges with the knife handle pointed into the bottom of the dish, holding the dish up on palm of other hand. This helps to stop pastry from shrinking away from the edges.

All puff, flaky, and shortcrust pastries require a hot oven for cooking. Biscuit and champagne pastry cooks in a moderate oven.

Here are some basic pastry recipes:

## SHORTCRUST

Four ounces self-raising flour, 4oz. plain flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 4oz. good shortening, squeeze of lemon juice, 4 tablespoons water.

Sift dry ingredients, and rub in the shortening. Mix to a dry dough with the lemon juice and water. Turn on to a floured board, knead lightly, and roll to the required size and shape.

## BISCUIT PASTRY

Four ounces self-raising flour, 4oz. plain flour, pinch salt, 4oz. shortening, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 2 or 3 tablespoons milk.

Sift the dry ingredients, and rub in the shortening. Add the sugar, then mix to a dry dough with the beaten egg-yolk and milk. Turn on to a floured board, knead lightly, and roll to required size and shape.



**VARIATION of the glazed pear flan (recipe page 32).** Line on 8in. pie-plate with the cornflake crust. Pour in cream cheese filling and decorate with apricots in place of the pears. Be sure the pie is thoroughly chilled before serving.

## FLAKY PASTRY

Half pound flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 4oz. shortening, scant  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water.

Sift the dry ingredients, rub in a quarter of the shortening, and mix to a dough with the water. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, and roll to a thin oblong shape. Spread smoothly with another quarter of the softened fat. Dust very lightly with flour, and moisten the edges. Fold evenly into three, rest 10 minutes. Turn with fold to the left and roll to a thin oblong sheet, rolling one way only. Spread with another quarter of the fat, and fold and roll as before. Spread with the balance of the fat, then fold and roll, rest a further 10 minutes. Fold again (without fat), and roll to the required size and shape.

## CHAMPAGNE PASTRY

One and a quarter cups self-raising flour, 3 tablespoons cornflour, pinch salt, 3oz. butter, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon milk.

Sift the flour, cornflour, and salt, then rub in the butter and add the sugar. Mix to a dry dough with the egg-yolk and milk. Turn on to a floured board, knead lightly, and roll to the required size and shape.

## QUICK PUFF PASTRY

Eight ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 6oz. shortening, 1 egg-yolk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk.

Sift flour and salt into large basin, cut the shortening (which has been chilled in a refrigerator or ice-chest) into pieces the size of a small nut. Add to dry ingredients, and mix in well with a knife, using a cutting movement to thoroughly cut shortening into flour. Add egg-yolk and sufficient milk to make a pliable dough using a knife for mixing. Turn on to a floured board, knead it lightly, and roll to an oblong sheet about 1-8in. thick. Fold over in 3 and turn half-way round so that open end is towards self. Roll away from self to a thin, oblong sheet again. Fold and roll again twice, then fold again and roll to required thickness, size, and shape.

## WHAT WENT WRONG . . . AND HOW TO AVOID IT

### ALL TYPES OF PASTRY

**SOGGY PASTRY.**—No slit in pastry cover for steam from meat or fruit filling to escape.

**UNEVEN RISING.**—Uneven pressure in rolling—always roll forwards; never sideways.

**BLISTER ON TOP OF PASTRY.**—Adding water too slowly or unevenly.

### SHORT OR SWEET PASTRY

**HARD AND TOUGH.**—Shortening not well rubbed into flour. Too much liquid. Baked too long. Not enough shortening. Over-handled.

**SOFT, CRUMBLY, DIFFICULT TO HANDLE.**—Too little water. Too much shortening.

**PALE ON TOP, NOT COOKED UNDERNEATH.**—Heat too low. Baked too low in oven. Not baked long enough.

**DARK ON TOP, SCORCHED EDGES.**—Temperature too high. Baked too long.

**BOTTOM PASTRY RISING IN FLANS, TARTS.**—Pastry not baked with rice or beans before filling is added.

### ROUGH PUFF, FLAKY, OR PUFF PASTRY

**POOR VOLUME AND TOO CLOSE.**—Shortening too soft, not rested enough.

**NOT FLAKY ENOUGH.**—Rolled out too heavily or too much. Oven too slow, or baked too low in oven.

**OUTSIDE CRISP, INSIDE HEAVY AND DAMP.**—Oven too hot, outside baked too quickly, preventing steam from escaping. Too much water.

**ROUGH AND UNEVEN ON TOP.**—Dough not kneaded enough.

**VERY OILY WITH FAT RUNNING ON TO BAKING-SHEET.**—Oven not hot enough. Shortening too soft when rolling. Edges not sealed before rolling. Rolling too heavy.

**PALE IN COLOR.**—Underbaked. Oven too low, or baked on wrong shelf.

**DARK, CRUMBLY AT EDGES.**—Overbaked.

**HARD.**—Too much water—oven not hot enough. Overbaked.

**PASTRY SHRINKING FROM SIDES OF DISH.**—Pastry stretched or pulled when placing on dish or trimming edges. Oven too cool.

**PASTRY SOGGY INSIDE PIE.**—Filling not cooked before putting into dish, or no slit made to allow steam to escape.

**CRISPNESS LOST TOO QUICKLY.**—Insufficiently baked throughout. Oven too hot.

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HOME PERM  
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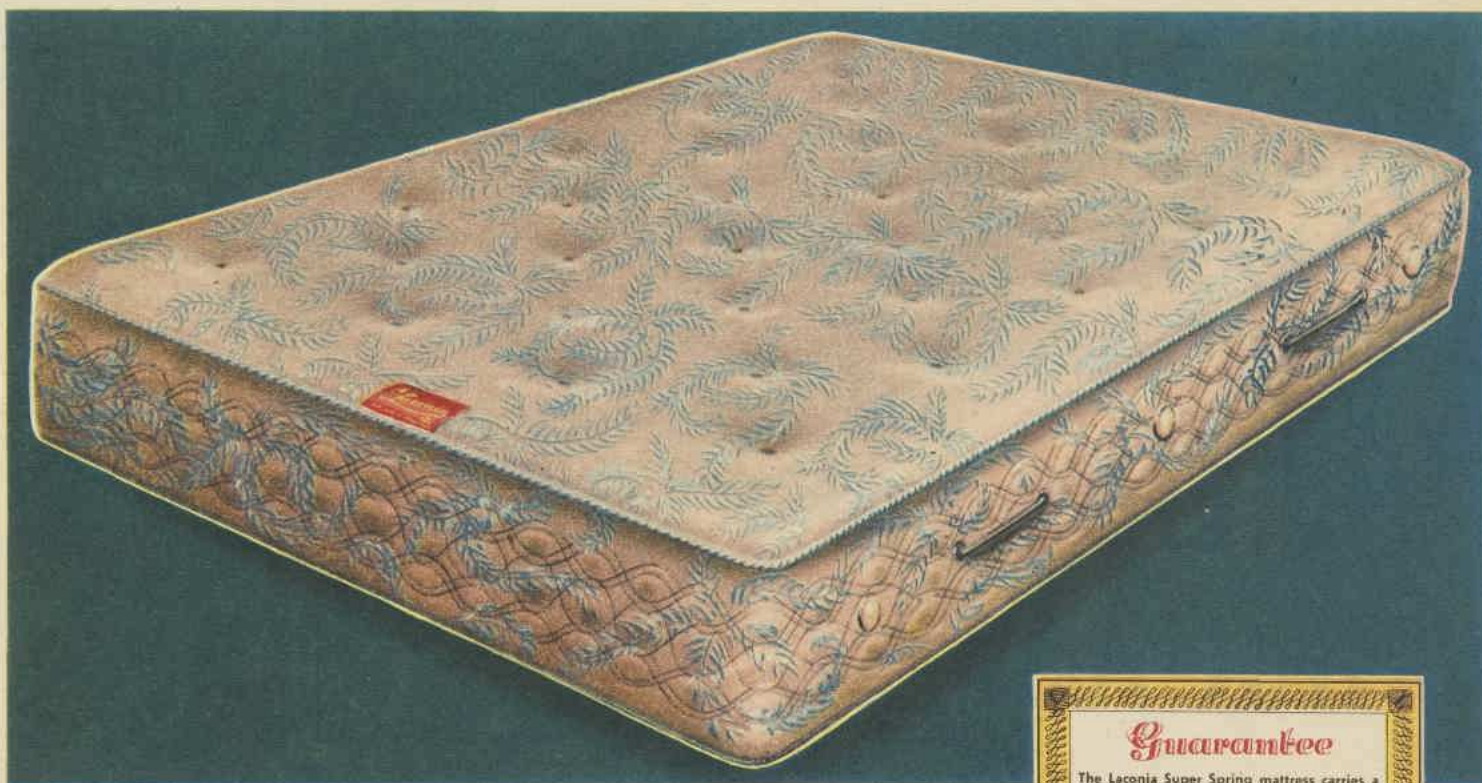
For the most relaxed sleep of all

# Laconia

"SUPER-SPRING"



AUSTRALIA'S FINEST VALUE INNERSPRING MATTRESS



### Guarantee

The Laconia Super Spring mattress carries a full unconditional guarantee and will be replaced, free of cost, should any fault arise due to imperfect manufacture.



REINFORCED CENTRE

Instead of using larger, heavier gauge springs where weight is greatest, Laconia have increased the NUMBER of springs in their exclusive "rest centre" thus increasing the resiliency and comfort while providing the extra support necessary.



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Heavy-duty, reinforced springing around the sides keeps edges permanently in shape — the only design that will withstand a life-time of "edge-sitting" without damage to the mattress. Special side vents keep mattress well "aired". Strong handles facilitate turning.



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Gone are the bulky piped edges once necessary to give strength to earlier designs. Laconia's hidden spring steel wire frame holds the entire mattress in perfect shape and allows for beautiful, smooth, tailored sides to enhance the appearance of your bed.

You buy more than comfort and beauty when you buy a Laconia "Super-Spring" mattress. You buy quality — the "out-of-sight" quality of workmanship and materials so necessary to ensure lasting satisfaction. For with their high reputation, established over more than 50 years of making Australia's finest blankets, Laconia could not afford to produce anything less than the very best — a mattress not only unequalled in appearance and comfort, but one that will continue to retain all its qualities throughout its long life... a good companion for Laconia Blankets.

Available at all good stores in standard sizes and a complete range of modern, attractive tickings in all popular shades

"MAKES GOODNIGHT A CERTAINTY!"





# Home furniture



**EASTERN INFLUENCE** is seen in this modern TV setting. In this design the chairs are low-slung and have straight backs. They are very comfortable to sit in and easy to rise from. The settee has a specially shaped bolster at the back for extra comfort.

**PICTURED** on this page are some settings and pieces from a recent display of furniture.

Fashioned in the contemporary manner, this furniture combines simple lines with decorative fabrics and durable materials.

The qualities of tubular steel and laminated plastics in domestic designing are well known.

Of special interest to mothers of young children is the baby's high-chair made in steel and plastic and with plasticised upholstery. The latter obviates any danger of a child chewing off the paint.



**SMART** tubular-steel suite is in tonings of chartreuse, black, and white. The lounge is designed to serve double duty as a bed. It has an innerspring mattress. The table top is of white plastic, the book-rack (at right) wrought iron.



**BABY'S** high-chair in steel and plastic, with plasticised upholstery. The chair won't tip. The tray swings over the back when not in use.

**NO HAIR WILL EVER GROW AGAIN** when Madame Korner removes superfluous hair from your face, arms, or legs. For appointment, ring Madame Korner (BW3675) or call at Suite 522, St. James' Buildings, City, for FREE CONSULTATION.

**TABLE-TOP BASIN** for a bathroom has a surround of laminated plastic in an attractive star-and-dot pattern and a plain colored trim. Three deep drawers on either side give some extra storage space for bathroom linens or cosmetics.



when the  
**BIG WASH**  
is over

a dirty spot's  
not funny!



"It's enough to make you weep! A big wash done and that soup stain still showing on my best tablecloth. Just the night John's boss is coming to dinner, too!"

Just a touch of good, golden Sunlight on those extra dirty spots before clothes go into the copper or washer makes sure of a wash that's clean all over. Use all the extra washing power in Sunlight and get clothes really clean Sunlight clean.

**EXTRA DIRTY  
SPOTS NEED  
SUNLIGHT'S  
EXTRA WASHING  
POWER**



**SUNLIGHT-  
PURE AND MILD  
AS A SOAP CAN BE**

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# Worth Reporting

SINCE Pastor Doug Nicholls, of Melbourne, was awarded the M.B.F., we've learnt of three other aboriginal preachers with Churches of Christ in Australia.

Pastor Frank Roberts has his own chapel at Cubawee, just outside Lismore, N.S.W. He has been ministering for years to more than 1000 aborigines in the North Coast.

At Tabulam he recently married five couples who were living according to tribal practice but requested a Christian wedding.

Pastor Roberts' son, Frank, jun., is a preacher studying at the Churches of Christ Bible College, Woolwich. Another preacher, Pastor Naden, is at Gilgandra, N.S.W.

## Even canines are calorie-conscious

DOGS are now regaining "youthful figures" by taking reducing pills when middle-age spread retards their recovery from illness.

When a Brisbane vet. recently prescribed slimming pills for a friend's dog suffering from a sprained leg he told us that most well-liked dogs are overweight, because they're well fed at home and also popular with neighbors.

"Like humans, overweight dogs have difficulty in leading normal lives, and their recovery from illness is handicapped," he said.

"The newest reducing tablets cut down the dogs' appetites to their essential needs."

"Previously they slimmed with pep pills, which stimulated them into exercising the fat off but were hard on canines with dicky hearts."



"I hate to see you struggle like that, dear... Remind me and I'll sharpen your hoe sometime."

## CONVERSATION - PIECE heard recently between two teenagers.

New Australian: "Tell me, what is a square?"

Old Australian: "Someone who doesn't dig someone else. Get me?"

## A Royal reply to musician

ONE of the last letters written by Her Royal Highness the late Princess Marie Louise was to Miss Gladys Edwards, of Perth, in acknowledgment of three songs she had composed.

Princess Marie Louise was present years ago at Miss Edwards' first concert after she left the Royal College of Music. The Princess sent word that she wished to speak to the young soprano, and told her that she would follow her career with interest.

When Miss Edwards' songs were published, she sent a copy to Princess Marie Louise as a token of thanks. The songs reached the Princess just before she died.

## Lace is looming as male fashion

AUSTRALIAN men should take more interest in displays of lace. They may soon be wearing it.

"Lace for men's wear is the latest thing in America," said Monsieur Patrick Noyon, visiting Australia on behalf of lace-manufacturing firms in Calais, France.

"American men have narrow lace in rows down the front of their evening shirts."

M. Noyon is a tall, exuberant young man with Gallic charm and a crewcut.

He spends about nine months of the year travelling, and last year went to the couture centres of Europe, where he saw a revival in lace as a high-fashion fabric.

Princess Grace of Monaco has a cocktail-dress in exquisite rose-patterned lace made by the Noyon firm, and M. Noyon brought a sample of the lace with him.

It would cost about £6 a yard in Australia, and is made on looms and re-embroidered by hand.

M. Noyon brought more than 200 samples of Calais lace, mostly white, with some pastels and an occasional scarlet or black.

A MELBOURNE woman we know developed a "soothing" technique of knitting in time with music, but now she's not so sure it's a good idea. Recently, when her husband was anxiously awaiting the pullover she was making him, he took charge of the musical "programme," and she found herself knitting through "The Flight of the Bumble Bee" twice in one hour.



When hostessing, what's your first job?

- ☐ Get the party in full swing. ☐ Suggest group arrivals.  
☐ Let guests help with final party fixings.

As your guests arrive, do they suffer? Go through the thumb-twiddling nice weather-we're-having routine? Give your party a flying start — keep everybody busy. Rolling back rugs; sorting records. Even helping with final party preparations. Another hint: have couples arrive

in "herds" instead of singly. You need never know an awkward moment—or a nagging care, at certain times. Let Kotex\* sanitary napkins give you unfailing protection; the complete absorbency you depend on! And remember: get a new Kotex\* belt for perfect comfort.



Should you expect your date to—

- ☐ Play Sir Walter Raleigh.  
☐ Carry the Umbrella.



What type is the best dating material?

- ☐ Fun-to-talk-to. ☐ Big-time spender.  
☐ Lover boy.

Don't expect him to carpet your storm-lashed path with his best tweed jacket. (Wear your galoshes!) But it is his job to hold the umbrella—no matter how frilly the item may be. Incidentally, on "those" days you'll want to keep your tootsies dry; avoid getting chilled. And you'll want the chafe-free comfort, softness and unfailing protection of Kotex. When you choose Kotex you're sure of the complete absorbency you need — to maintain your poise and peace of mind.

Just being a Good Time Charlie or a cuddle cookie doesn't mean he's the best date mate. Snag a squire who's fun to talk to; has the same interests. Chatter you both enjoy helps avoid smooching sessions. Keeps you at ease. You'll always find "those" days easy to get along with — once you let Kotex help you stay really comfortable. For Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; gives downy softness that holds its shape. Kotex can be worn on either side safely.



Kotex now comes in the feminine pink and grey box. Also available in plain paper wrapper. Price: Single Pack 2/11—Double Pack 5/9

Wondering when to introduce your daughter to Kotex?—better to be a year early than a day late. All the answers to those questions she is going to ask can be found in our two helpful booklets "You're a Young Lady Now"—(8-12) and "Very Personally Yours" (for older girls). Available from Kimberly-Clark of Australia, Suite 105, 40 Miller Street, North Sydney.

So soft, so safe, so very personally yours

\* Registered trade mark

KK358/7

## Death-storm cheated

First prize of £20 in our contest was won this week by Mrs. L. Lowe, 261 East St., Rockhampton, Qld.

HERE is Mrs. Lowe's winning entry:

Caught on horseback in a sudden, heavy duststorm, I headed for a tree-lined creek to shelter from the sand stinging my face and arms.

As I turned, a discarded petrol tin whirled past, missing my head by inches.

Shaken, and with skin sore from flying sand, I dismounted and crouched under a large tree.

But an uneasiness, a "something" I cannot explain, urged me to seek another shelter, so I went as quickly as my horse would lead to an overhanging bank in the bend of the creek.

As I reached my new spot, the countryside was lit up and there was a deafening crack. The tree I had just left was split and hurled for yards around.

It was now raining heavily, and, shivering from cold and fright, I again had the strange feeling that I must move. I decided to get home as quickly as possible.

As I left the creek, I heard a thud, and looked back to see my second shelter cave in!

A PRIZE of £5 was awarded to Mrs. K. Bland, 80 San Mateo Ave., Mildura, Vic., for the following entry:

When I first came to live on a sheep station on the River Murray, station folk told many interesting stories of a mysterious light seen quite frequently on the plains around which always appeared to go

## HOW TO ENTER

WRITE your "Strange but True" experience clearly and in not more than 250 words. The story must be true and must not have been published previously. It can be amusing, sad, dramatic, or romantic.

Send your entries, giving clearly name and address, INCLUDING THE STATE, to "Strange but True," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned or any correspondence entered into.

## STRANGE but TRUE

out before anyone could reach it.

It so resembled a lantern being carried by a human being that the folk had called it "Jack-o'-Lantern" and referred to it as "Jacko."

Though I listened to these stories with interest I rather doubted them. But I was soon to see "Jacko" myself.

Waiting one evening for my husband, whom I feared had met with an accident because he was so late, I was strolling near the woolshed when I saw a light which at first I thought was a car. But as it grew nearer it appeared smaller and seemed more like someone carrying a lantern.

As "Jacko" had not entered my thoughts I felt that this could be my husband, having lost his horse and borrowed a lantern to see him home.

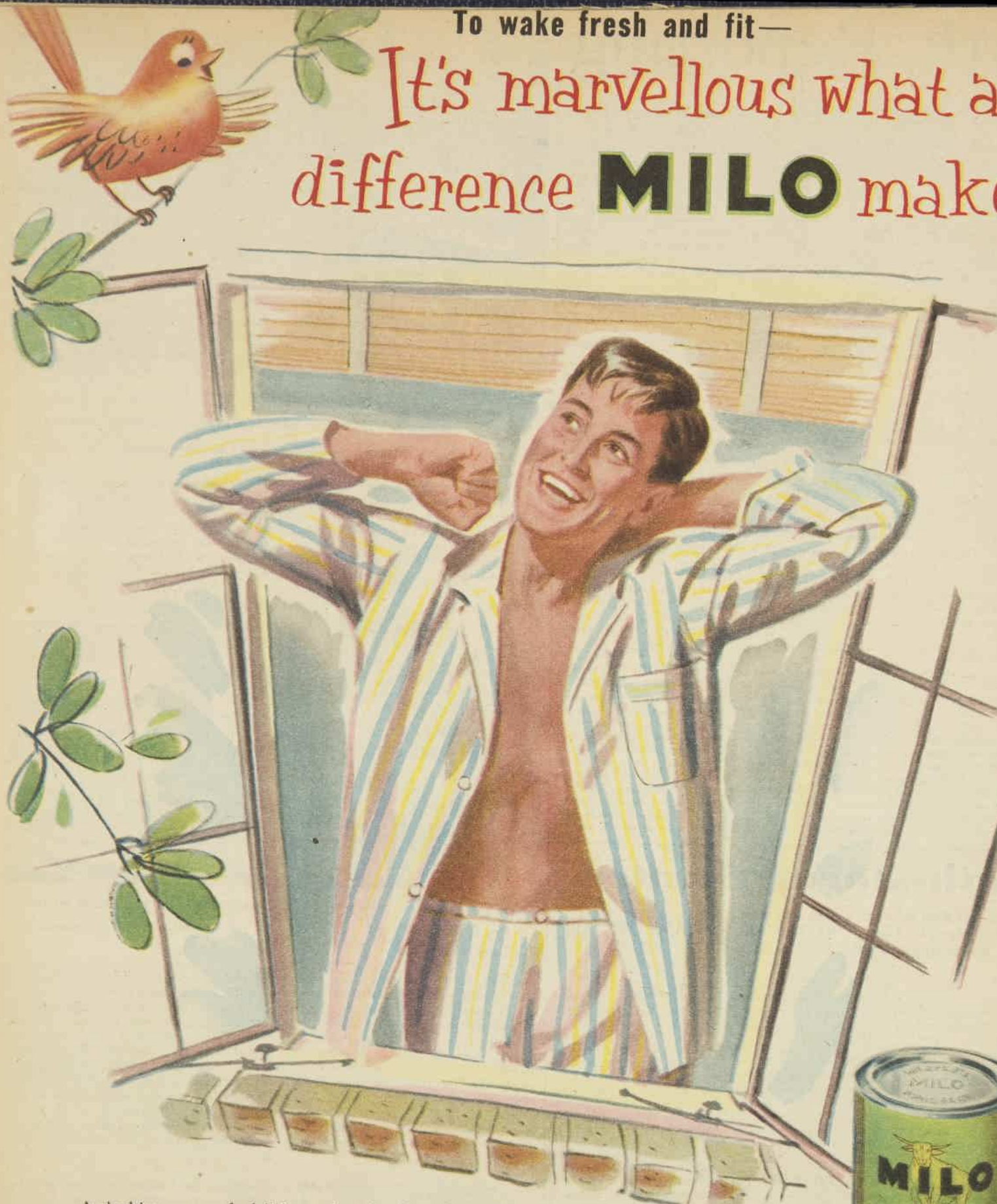
When the light appeared to be about a hundred yards from me I went to meet "him," and just as I was about to call my husband's name the light went out.

This was my first sight of "Jacko," the mysterious will-o'-the-wisp of the night, but I saw it several times later.



To wake fresh and fit—

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A bedtime cup of delicious chocolate-flavoured *Milo* is a wonderful aid to sound, restful sleep . . . the kind of sleep from which you wake up "fresh as a daisy," full of zip and energy. The reason is, of course, that *Milo* is an energy-building blend of pure country milk, malted cereals and essential minerals, fortified with invigorating vitamins. Make *Milo* your regular "nightcap." Soon you'll be saying: "It's really marvellous what a difference *Milo* makes!"

**MILO** FOR SOUND, RESTFUL SLEEP



A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT



# DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● Silk taffeta becomes an adaptable one-piece dress (right) suitable for late-day and dinner. I suggest the design in answer to the reader's query below.

HERE is her letter and my reply:

IN your 'Dress Sense' feature I notice you draft patterns in varying styles and sizes, and as a reader I would like to take advantage of this service. I want a style for black taffeta suitable for late-day and informal dinners, parties, etc. I make my own clothes, but am not brilliant at it. I am a young married woman, and most of my outings call for some sort of pretty, informal frocks."

The design I have chosen for you is illustrated at right. The dress is simple and pretty; a single flat bow follows the bateau neckline that dips to a V at the back. The skirt has graceful width. With one of my special "Dress Sense" patterns to follow, I feel sure the design is well within the sewing ability of the average home dressmaker. The pattern is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"COULD I wear emerald-green jewellery (clips and earrings) with a navy crepe sheath dress? The outfit is for a September wedding. If you think the combination suitable, would you suggest shades for other accessories?"

Navy accented with green is a new and chic color team for spring, so you couldn't have anything smarter. For the accessories I suggest a green straw hat and green suede gloves, plus navy suede shoes and handbag. Shoes to be smart should have narrowly pointed toes. Your handbag will look newest if its proportions are on the large size.

"I HAVE had made a very smart afternoon frock which features one of the new wide necklines, and I now find it is too bare-looking. What do you suggest? It is not the type of frock I can wear with a scarf."

A necklace is a currently popular "fill" for the new wide decollete neckline.



DS252.—One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"I AM thinking of buying a length of sheer to make a late-afternoon frock, and wondered if a shirtwaist design is still in fashion. Would you advise me, and also suggest a fashionable shade and some type of trimming?"

Sheers of all types are extremely fashionable, or, rather, will be for spring and summer. Furthermore, the shirtwaist dress looks feminine and pretty made in a diaphanous material. Chiffon is perhaps the newest and most popular sheer. The color largely depends on your own coloring. White, beige, lilac, pink, and sable-brown give you a good

color choice. A flower print and a polka dot also come into the spring fashion picture. Have the dress made with full sleeves, caught below the elbow, and the skirt made with generous fullness created by gathers. For the trim I suggest spaced horizontal folds 2½ inches wide. Have two folds evenly spaced on the bodice-top, three on the skirt.

"WOULD you give me a little advice re spring millinery styles?"

A deep cloche, a draped turban, a sou'-wester, and a small hat with a turned-back brim will all be in fashion for spring.

stairs. I had turned the handle of the door leading to the terrace through which I had made my first entrance to the chateau, when I was aware of a footstep on the stair behind me, and looking up I saw the dark woman, Renee, in wrapper and slippers, with hair loose on her shoulders.

"Where are you going?" she whispered.

"Outside for some air," I lied swiftly. "I couldn't sleep."

"What is it?" she asked. "I knew you weren't really tired or sick—that was just an excuse for Francoise. I heard you come down from Maman and then I waited for you, leaving my door open. Didn't you notice it?"

"No," I said.

She looked incredulous. "You must have realised I urged Paul to go out to the masonic dinner on purpose, as soon as I knew you would be home. Now the evening is wasted. He'll be back any moment."

"I'm sorry," I said. "Maman had a lot to say to me—it was impossible to get away. Surely we can talk tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow?" she echoed, her manner abrupt and queer. "Tomorrow is soon enough for you, is it, after ten days in Paris? I might have known it. I suppose that's why you didn't bother to answer my letters."

I wondered if I looked as dumb and ineffectual as I felt, standing there with my hand on the door. Earlier in the evening this woman had seemed an ally and a friend. Now she was a confidante turned sour and I had the feeling that in some way she was deeply angered. I wished uneasily that I knew her relationship to the rest of the family and what the matter was that she had wanted to discuss with Jean so privately and urgently.

"I'm sorry," I repeated. "I hadn't understood that you wanted to see me especially. Why didn't you send word upstairs, when I was with Maman? I would have come down."

"Is that meant for sarcasm," she said, "or are you truly drunk?"

Her anger irritated me. The mother's mood had touched me, and the wife's, too, for a different reason. I had no time for this one, who so suddenly thrust herself between me and escape.

"You'll catch cold," I said to her. "Why don't you go to bed?"

She stared at me and then, catching her breath, she said, "Mon Dieu, how I hate you at times!" Turning her back on me, she went away upstairs.

I opened the door to the terrace and stepped outside. The air felt clean and good after the atmosphere within, musty yet chill behind the fastened shutters. The gravel terrace crunched under my feet and I walked softly down the steps and on to the driveway where the car had turned. I was making my way to the left of this, towards outbuildings in the thickness of the wall beside the moat, which I judged to be stables and a garage, when the lights of a car flashed in the lime avenue descending the hill and came straight towards the bridge and the gateway to the chateau. It must be Paul returning.

I took cover under the dark cedar tree close beside me, wondering if his lights had picked me up, and in a moment he was over the bridge and through the gate and had swung right, making for the outbuildings. I heard him slam the door of the Renault and this was followed by the dragging noise of garage doors sliding in a groove. In a moment or two there was the sound of footsteps and he came towards the terrace, passing close to my hiding-place. He went up the steps and into the

## Continuing . . . The Scapegoat

[from page 17]

chateau, closing the door behind him.

I waited a few minutes. Then I came out of my shelter and walked softly towards the wall of the moat. I was within a few feet of the archway through which Paul had come when I heard a muttered growl. I saw then that beside the archway was an enclosure, and within it a great retriever, who at sight of me barked furiously. I murmured to him, but it was useless. The sound of my voice drove him to greater fury and I turned back to the shelter of the cedar, where he could not see me and waited for him to quieten before deciding upon my further move.

The barking continued intermittently, then settled to a muttering and finally to silence, and once again I ventured forth and looked about me and up at the massive walls of the chateau, forbidding, pale, yet strangely beautiful in the clear light beneath the moon.

Somewhere the author of the joke in which we were both involved lay sleeping or laughing, perhaps, at my perplexity. He believed himself to be free now he wore my clothes. They were his people who suffered here and it meant nothing to him how lost they might become, how cruelly they might be hurt.

ONCE again the little plopping thud that had disturbed me in the dressing-room sounded close by and I saw that it was the chestnuts falling from the trees on to the gravel path beyond the moat. No rising mist, no falling leaf, no pattering rain could have marked with such finality the end of summer. There was the whole of autumn in the sound. I looked up at the shuttered windows of the chateau and wondered which was the round tower where the mother slept and which the prayer cell of the daughter. Above me was the dressing-room where I had stood so short a while before, and beside it the long windows of the bedroom.

The church clock struck the half hour, my signal for departure: I had lingered long enough amongst these people who were strangers to me. I dared not risk passing the dog again and perhaps disturbing the household and I decided to pass through the gateway, cross the bridge, walk up the avenue of limes and so on to the road, and continue walking through the night to the nearest town.

The chestnuts continued to fall beside the moat and this time, with no trees near, one hit me on the head and dropped beside me. I looked up, puzzled, and saw that a small window in a turret above the dressing-room was a dark slit no longer, but held a peering figure kneeling on the sill. As I watched another chestnut fell, striking me on the forehead, and then another and another, thrown by the kneeling figure, who for some reason wished to attract my attention.

Suddenly the figure rose to its feet and stood on the sill by the open slit and I saw that it was a child, perhaps ten years old, wearing a white nightgown, and that one false move would send it headlong to the depths below. I could not distinguish sex or feature: all I could sense was danger.

"Go back," I called softly. "Go back into the room." The figure did not move. Another chestnut hit me on the head. "Go back," I called again. "Go back or you will fall."

Then the child spoke, the voice coming clear and high and quite composed.

"I swear to you," it said, "that if you don't come to me by the time I count a hundred

I shall throw myself out of the window."

I did nothing and the voice called down to me again.

"You know I never break my word. I'm beginning to count now. And unless you are with me by the time I reach a hundred I swear by the Saint Vierge that I will do it. One . . . two . . . three . . ."

A recollection of fever, saints, and visions came crowding back into my mind. The conversation of the evening made sense to me at last. It had never occurred to me that the religious, saintly Marie-Noel might be a child. The voice continued counting and I turned and went through the garden door to the terrace and so to the front door, which had not been bolted.

I groped my way up the stairs to the first corridor, blindly seeking for some second service stairway that might lead me direct to the turret above the dressing-room. I found a swing-door and kicked it open, for it no longer mattered that I might be heard and the household aroused: my only thought was to prevent disaster.

I came to a winding stair, lit by a dim blue bulb, and ran up it, two steps at a time. The steps led to a landing and another winding corridor, but directly in front of me was a door and from behind the door I could hear the voice counting steadily. "Eighty-five, eighty-six, eighty-seven . . ." I burst through the door and seized the figure from the window-sill and threw it down on its bed beside the wall. It stared up at me with enormous eyes and close-cropped hair and I felt sick because it was a replica of Jean de Gue, and therefore in fantastic fashion of a self long buried in the past and so forgotten.

"Why did you not come to say goodnight, Papa?" she said to me.

She gave me no time to think what I should answer. She jumped from her bed and threw herself upon me, flinging her arms round my neck, covering me with kisses.

"Get off, stop it," I said, trying to disentangle myself.

She began to laugh, clinging the harder, like a monkey, then suddenly turned and somersaulted back on to the bed. When she had recovered balance she sat cross-legged at the end of it, tailor-fashion, watching me without a smile. I recovered my breath and smoothed my hair and we stared at each other.

"Well?" she said—the inevitable "Alors?" that is question and exclamation and retort all in one—and I repeated it, to gain time, to try and grasp the significance of this new and unexpected complication of a daughter, and then, endeavoring to hold my ground, I said, "I thought you were supposed to have a fever?"

"I did this morning," she said. "But when my aunt Blanche looked at the thermometer this evening I was only just above normal. Since I stood by the window it has probably shot up again. Sit down." She patted the bed beside her. "Why didn't you come to see me the instant you got back?" she asked.

Her manner was imperious, as if she was accustomed to giving orders. I did not answer.

"Joker," she said lightly. Then she put out her hand and seized my own and kissed it. "Have you had your nails manicured?" she asked.

"No."

"They are a different shape and your hands are cleaner. I suppose that is what Paris does for men. Also you have a different smell."

"What sort of smell?"

She wrinkled her nose. "Like a doctor," she said, "or a priest."

To page 45

## Beauty in brief: A CURE FOR UNRULY HAIR

By CAROLYN EARLE

● If your hair is rather hard to manage after washing, try an occasional dry shampoo.

USE a prepared type of shampoo, or try a home-made one. Old-fashioned oatmeal, ground fine, is effective. It should be rubbed in and allowed to remain for about half an hour, then brushed out vigorously.

The meal absorbs the oil, and this means, of course, that it is especially good for oily scalps.

The brushing is all-important to en-

sure that all particles of meal are removed.

It's a good idea to keep a slightly damp brush with soft bristles for fine hair round the hairline.

A dry shampoo can also be given by taking a rough Turkish towel and briskly rubbing the scalp and head.

Wipe off the hair as you go along, as though you were drying wet hair.



# AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliar  
For week beginning July

## Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<b>ARIES</b> The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in a happy ending.	★ There is action in connection with finances. If you decide to part with a valuable asset you might be able to use the profit to greater advantage elsewhere.	★ In some cases the purchase or sale of property leads to new quarters. You may move from a small flat to a big suburban house or vice-versa.	★ Has your beloved gone cold on parties and amusements? Don't nag, but look for the cause. He or she may be tired or worried and not in the mood.	★ Those who snik because of cold invitations won't be popular. Accept the small ups and downs of social life philosophically. Turn for the bright lights come.
<b>TAURUS</b> The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, light blue. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a communication.	★ If asked to help someone out by lending money for a business venture, think twice before underwriting your own financial position through sentiment.	★ Advertising in publications, demonstrations, and pamphlets may make you keen on a plan for minor alterations involving plenty of work but low cost.	★ That boy-friend likes to feel he is a dashing type, fully capable of taking charge of outings. If you are too efficient you'll hurt his masculine pride.	★ Those who gullivant are likely to find their pet schemes still. Decide which interests most and choose accordingly. Nobody can do everything.
<b>GEMINI</b> The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in practical affairs.	★ As a job-hunter you can shine in a personal interview, but if the work is monotonous you will soon be fed-up. Settle for less pay if the job has a future.	★ Children's needs may be deciding factors. Some compromise over the ideal and the possible may result from a conference with the marriage partner.	★ Love to Gemini folk is always glamorous, but often fleeting, and the wedding date may be far distant. Enjoy pleasant courtship without engagement thoughts.	★ Pack up your worries and put your discriminating friends to work and try out a few experiments in new fields among people. You gain a wider view.
<b>CANCER</b> The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in managing people.	★ You may take on work which you regard as temporary, only to find that you might happily choose it as a permanent career with many interesting possibilities.	★ Are you a homemaker who keeps to herself? Then you must be lonely. Seek congenial spirits. A little friendliness pays dividends in happiness.	★ Those who are engaged, young marrieds especially, and even middle-aged lovers, can expect luck this week. Whether it's personal or financial it causes changes.	★ Are you seeing enough of brighter side of life? Leisure time is more than just passing time. Diversions which bring mental relaxation are important.
<b>LEO</b> The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck in following a hunch.	★ Nobody can earn money more easily than Leo folk and nobody can spend it faster. About the time you touch a financial low, opportunity looms.	★ The family income should be spent in a fruitful cause of family disagreements. It isn't always easy to see the other fellow's point of view, but try it.	★ The youthful may be going through the delightful stages which precede a love affair. Should you know each other only by sight, you admire each other from a distance.	★ Quite a number of you find that you are being neglected. Snap out of it. Join a group, live-wires and start again.
<b>VIRGO</b> The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck among friends.	★ Those liable to be asked for a subscription to a club project should state what they will give. This makes it easier for the committee.	★ When younger members of the household want to play rock-n-roll while their elders prefer going to bed early, use tact. Set a definite time for fun.	★ You want your best beloved to be like a film star. This is hard on any boy, for he can't hope to live up to it. A critical attitude will not endear you to him.	★ There's a tincture of romance in this week's social mixture. Friendships' barometer shows a warmer, attune yourself to new, pleasant chapter.
<b>LIBRA</b> The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in increasing prestige.	★ When you know a business secret it's a temptation to let work-mates or friends know what's cooking, though the information is not yours to give. Keep silent.	★ You either delight a member of the household with a peep or small trinket or receive one yourself. An occasion may be enhanced by little extra attentions.	★ You may wish to marry earlier than your parents think is wise, but for your sign this generally works out very well. Married folk are gay.	★ Keep that appointment handy. If you forget arrangements, run late, and inconvenience you will not be popular. At last-minute rushes.
<b>SCORPIO</b> The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in minor changes.	★ You either persuade yourself, or someone persuades you, to undertake a job you have long said you would never accept. The experience will enlarge your outlook.	★ A number of you are slated for removals, either right away or in the by no means distant future. This is a good time to discard worn-out household belongings.	★ Love can remake your character. It may smooth a few corners off your exceedingly independent personality. If you're absent-minded and dreamy it's a symptom.	★ Old friends may appear after long intervals. If they seem to have changed do not shut them out. Realise old and new interests for mutual benefit.
<b>SAGITTARIUS</b> The Archer NOVEMBER 24 - DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in travelling a skin.	★ Listen to the advice or suggestions of the marriage partner or of the nearest and dearest to you. Any business matter which engages two or more people profits.	★ Are you secretly studying a new subject? Whether it's dream-making, millinery, fancy cooking, or other domestic arts your creative talents are aroused.	★ This week there is the danger that you will rush in where angels fear to tread. Don't interfere in your boy-friend's personal or family affairs or offer unasked advice.	★ If you've a hankering after mysteries you may take it out in making a detective story or you may actually apply yourself to a mystery which has long intrigued you.
<b>CAPRICORN</b> The Goat DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck with the family.	★ There is a new angle to your job or some change in surroundings or associates that holds your attention and makes your working hours fly faster.	★ You're in demand with S.O.S. calls pouring in. You may become a baby-sitter, an emergency cook, or a chaperon to a very young teen-ager. You're enjoying popularity.	★ Squabbles over spending money can be fatal to romance. Don't mix emotions with finances. Pay your share for entertainments, but neither lend nor borrow.	★ As a discussion of such subjects as romance, marriage, the art of living, you may learn a practical application for you.
<b>AQUARIUS</b> The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, yellow. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in carrying resolutions.	★ Don't let too many side issues crowd out the main chance. Hazy, impractical schemes should be dismissed. The practical approach gets results.	★ Kick-off to a fresh start. You may brush aside one or two former tasks and ask yourself what is essential and what is superfluous. The family will be astonished.	★ It's fun to have several strings to your bow. This gives you experience in judging character. If young, don't take love too seriously.	★ The busy person has no time to brood. And if you are acting in a good cause you forget personal content. Two or three issues fade out painlessly.
<b>PISCES</b> The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck from out of the blue.	★ Dame Fortune might pay you a long-awaited visit, but her gifts might not be anticipated. Don't let that upset you. Make the most of it. Your stars are smiling.	★ You complete an undertaking which has been long hanging fire. Impressing a member of the family who makes an additional contribution to the household's comfort.	★ You see your one-and-only against a background of parties and dances, but he might be less glamorous in different circumstances. Only time will tell.	★ Spread some of your happiness around you on the least fortunate. Give the onlookers and wallflowers a break. The goodwill you sow may be returned in a thrilling way.



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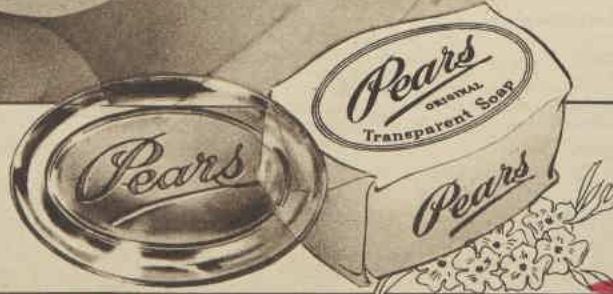
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"LOVE IS A GRUESOME THING" might be a suitable caption for this shot from the new British comedy "Doctor At Large." In any case, the man in the background who is wearing his heart on his chest plays a wallflower when Dr. Simon Sparrow (Dirk Bogarde) and Joy (Muriel Pavlow) become interested in each other. Shortly after this incident Simon gets the sack from the hospital.



PRETTY MURIEL PAVLOW wears a full, hand-printed cotton skirt over a blue grosgrain swimsuit piped with yellow while basking in the sun at Knocke, in Belgium, where some scenes for this new "Doctor" comedy were shot.

## Comedy of medicine

● There's a new "Doctor" comedy on the way—"Doctor At Large"—and it illustrates yet another chapter in the career of Dr. Simon Sparrow, whose progress as a student and as ship's doctor was so ably recorded in those amusing films "Doctor in the House" and "Doctor At Sea."

THE new comedy is filmed in color VistaVision, and stars actor Dirk Bogarde in his original role of Dr. Simon Sparrow.

On this page are several colorful scenes from the production.

There are three other "originals" in the film cast as well. They are Donald Sinden (as Benskin, the girl-chasing friend of Simon), burly James Robertson Justice (Sir Lancelot Spratt, the ferocious surgeon), and little Muriel Pavlow (the nurse from "Doctor in the House").

"Doctor At Large" (J. A. Rank) takes this team out of the clinical world of white corridors into the surroundings of brass plates and National Health patients.

This move results in some highly amusing situations. It adds a lot to the enjoyment that the serious-minded Simon Sparrow is usually in no frame of mind to enjoy them at the time.

Eventually Simon is glad to take refuge from a harsh world in a wealthy London practice, where he thankfully accepts the task of dispensing medicine with manners to elderly dukes, fabulous maharajahs, and neurotic beauties who fall in love with him.

But through it all Simon clings stubbornly to one burning ambition. This is to become a house surgeon at St. Swithin's Hospital.

Characteristically, it is Sir Lancelot who has the last word—or should it be the last roar?—that enables Simon to gain his hospital appointment.

More impressed with Simon's progress in medicine than he ever cared to admit, Sir Lancelot finally makes up his mind in a hurry to promote him to surgery.

"Dr. Sparrow," he bellows, standing outside the hospital theatre, "I'm waiting. If you want to be a surgeon, come on."

The doctor is "at large" no more.



"WOULD A FEW SPIKES HELP?" wonders the impeccably garbed Dr. Sparrow (Bogarde), left, on discovering his old friend Benskin (Donald Sinden) practising Yoga with a visiting maharajah (Martin Benson), at back. But the happy-go-lucky Benskin is not disturbed.



OLD-FASHIONED methods are sometimes best. Driven to distraction by the behaviour of Kitty (Barbara Murray), a scatter-brained beauty, the long-suffering Simon (Bogarde) administers a sharp reproof that leaves no doubt of his meaning.



CAUGHT OUT. When the irrepressible Benskin (Sinden), left, takes Simon (Bogarde) and Joy (Muriel Pavlow) to the Continent for a sunny holiday, they are shattered to discover their hospital governor, Sir Charles Hopcroft (Ernest Jay), right, at the same hotel.



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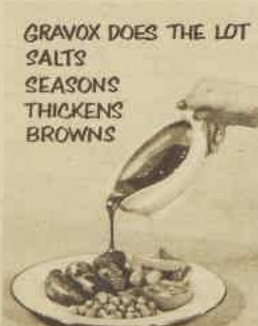
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## GRAVY—THE QUICK EASY WAY



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**1 MISUNDERSTANDING** arises when job-hunting salesgirl Polly (Debbie Reynolds) picks up a baby she finds outside a foundling home. The matron, seeing Polly, thinks the baby is hers.



**2 HEIR** of store that has fired Polly for over eagerness, Dan Merlin (Fisher) thinks the same thing when he finds her caring for the baby. To help her with it, he gives her back the job.



**3 DANCE CONTEST** is won (above) by Polly and Freddie (Tommy Noonan), while Dan minds the baby.



**4 STOOD-UP** on New Year's Eve (right), Dan outfits Polly from store stock, takes her out, and falls in love.

## Film couple co-star

★ Since their marriage last year there has been a steadily growing demand from the fans for a film co-starring that popular Hollywood pair Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher.

R.K.O.'s answer is a fresh and warm-hearted little technicolor comedy, "Bundle of Joy," in which Debbie plays a New York shopgirl who finds a baby everybody subsequently believes to be her own.

Eddie, in his film debut, plays the son of department store magnate Adolphe Menjou, and sings six songs. Adolphe wears selections from his famous personal wardrobe, and provides the picture with its surprise ending.



**5 DEMOTED** at Merlin's for his freshness, Freddie blames Dan and Polly, and in an anonymous letter to J. B. Merlin, store head, accuses Dan of being the baby's father.



**6 CONFUSION** grows (above) as Dan, Freddie, and the landlady's Harvard nephew all "father" the baby.

**7 DELIGHTED** with the idea of a grandson, store chief Merlin (Menjou) insists that Dan and Polly marry at once.







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You mix and bake according to the simple directions for layer-cakes given on the Puffin packet. When baked, sandwich the layers with your favourite icing (try one of the recipes on the Puffin packet) and frost all over with the same creamy icing. Now take the little chocolate buttons (we've used Cadbury's Dairy Milk Rolls) and press all over. Wasn't that quick?

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How about Polka Dot cake for a surprise tonight?



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Puffin Scone Mix makes many other delicious recipes, too. Pikelets, pancakes, rock cakes, savoury pinwheels and tea-cakes . . . they're but a few of the delicious variety of recipes you'll make so easily and quickly with Puffin Scone Mix. All the recipes are right on the Puffin packet.

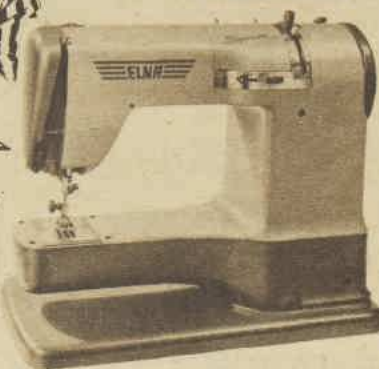
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## New Aussie hit star

Colin Croft is the latest Australian to make a hit on the London stage. He is the outstanding star personality of a new British musical, "Harmony Close."

TALL, blond, and good-looking, Croft was formerly a musical comedy lead with J. C. Williamson's in Australia. He has been a long time chasing West End stardom, but now success and money are rolling in.

He is also starring in a new British musical film, "Rock, You Sinners," which is now in the cutting-rooms.

This first lead role is the culmination of a long struggle through bit parts in British films, parts that have been getting bigger and bigger.

Colin has the role of a villain in the musical "Harmony Close," now running at Ham-

mersmith's famous Lyric Theatre—home of many a hit revue.

However, it has not prevented him from walking away with most of the critical honors as the show's dominant personality.

"I'm supposed to be the devil underneath a smart suit and plausible talk," Colin said.

"The funny thing is that at the Coliseum there's another Australian starring in a musical, also as the devil—Bill Kerr. He's playing the lead in 'Damn Yankees'."

"What makes it more of a coincidence is that Bill and I have worked together since I was seven years old."

"I joined the Young Australia League, and we were in it together for 10 years, performing in comedy—touring Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa."

Croft also will be remembered by Australian radio audiences for his part in the Youth Show, in which he partnered Joy Nichols. He went on to enlist in the Army entertainment unit, where again he linked up with Bill Kerr.

"Soon after I arrived in

England I was again playing with Bill—this time in the play 'Pommy,'" Colin said.

"In my first few years in England I was typed, mostly in Australian or American parts. I was in Drury Lane in 'South Pacific,' first with a very small part, and then I stepped into the comedy lead."

"But I always felt handicapped by being restricted to non-English roles."

"I was guest comedian at the famous Windmill for a year, too. But I always hankered after a British part, just to show I could do it."

Funnily enough, the part which did Croft most good over here was the lead in an almost unsung show called

"Chrysanthemum," at a little revue theatre.

"The boys who wrote this present show saw me in it, which is how they came to cast me for my first lead in a British musical," Colin explained.

A small Cairn terrier also has a strong feature role in the new musical. He is Angus, Croft's closest companion, and already a veteran professional actor at 10 months.

"I was browsing with a friend through a pet shop," Colin said. "I didn't want a pet for myself. Then I saw this little fellow in a cage, staring up at me."

"He was cute. I bent down just to look at him and say hello. He put out his paw and scratched my forehead. That did it."

"He cost me a pretty penny. But since then he's been more than earning his keep as an actor. He has quite a good part in the film 'Rock, You Sinners'—earns his two guineas a day."

Croft thought about that. "Not enough for a dog of his talent, really. I must get his agent to try for more."



AUSTRALIAN Colin Croft in the London musical "Wonderful Town," in which he played the part of a journalist. With him here is the show's singing star, Shani Wallis.

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# Continuing . . . The Scapegoat

from page 39

or a stranger who comes to

"I'm sorry," I stared at her, nonplussed.

"It will pass off. It is evident you have been moving in exalted circles. Have you all been discussing me below?" Some instinct told me child-dren should be snubbed. "No," I said.

"That's not true, Germaine told me they talked of nothing else at lunch. Though there was also much fussation because you were late. What were you doing?"

I decided to speak the truth as far as possible. "I was sleeping in a hotel in Le Mans," I said to her.

"What a funny idea. Were you very tired?"

"I had drunk too much the night before and hit my head on the floor. Also I believe I swallowed a sleeping-draught by mistake."

"If you hadn't taken the sleeping-draught, would you have gone away?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Would you have gone off somewhere and not come back?"

"I don't understand you."

"The Sainte Vierge told me that you mightn't come back. That's why I got a fever." She was no longer imperious. She was watching me closely. "Have you forgotten," she said, "what you told me before you went to Paris?"

"What did I tell you?"

"That one of these days, if life became too difficult, you would just disappear and never come home again."

"I'd forgotten I said that."

"I hadn't forgotten. When Uncle Paul and the rest of them began talking about the money troubles and how you had gone to Paris to try and arrange things, and he had not much hope of your success, I thought to myself, 'Now is the moment for him to do this.' I woke in the night and was sick and the Sainte Vierge came and stood at the end of my bed and looked sorrowful."

The direct gaze of the child was hard to meet. I shifted my eyes and, taking up a well-worn rabbit lying beside her, played with the single ear.

"If I hadn't come back," I asked, "what would you have done?"

"Killed myself," she said.

"Children don't kill themselves," I told her.

"Then why did you run upstairs so fast just now?"

"You might have slipped."

"I couldn't have slipped. I was holding on. I often stand at the window. But if you hadn't come home, then it would have been another matter. I shouldn't have held on. I should have jumped out and died. And then I should have burnt in hell. But I would rather burn in hell than live in this world without you."

I looked at her again: the small oval face, the short hair, the burning eyes. The passionate avowal was disturbing, shocking, something to be expected from a fanatic, not a child. I thought hard to find the right thing to say.

"How old are you?" I asked.

"You know quite well I shall be eleven next birthday," she said.

"Very well, then. You have the whole of life before you. You have your mother, aunts, grandmother, all the people here at home who love you and yet you talk wild nonsense about throwing yourself from a window if I wasn't here."

"But I don't love them, Papa. I only love you."

So that was that. I wanted a cigarette. Unconsciously I fumbled in my pockets, and seeing this she jumped from the bed, ran to a small desk near the window, took out a box of matches from a pigeon-hole, and in a flash was back by my side with a lighted match held ready.

"Tell me," she said, "is it true that measles can be bad for unborn babies?"

The switch of mood was beyond me. "I don't know," I said.

"Maman told me that if I catch it and pass it to her and she passes it to the little brother, then he will be born blind."

"I can't tell you. I don't understand those things."

"If my little brother was blind, would you like him?"

She was not solemn any more. She began to pirouette about the room on her toes, first on one foot, then on the other. I did not know how to answer her. She kept looking at me as she danced.

"It would be very sad for a baby to be born blind," I said uselessly.

"Would he have to be put in an institution?" she said.

"No. He would be taken care of here at home. In any case, it won't happen."

"It might. I may have measles and if I have I am sure to have passed them on to Maman."

I felt I had caught her out and the slip was too good to miss.

"You told me just now that you had a fever because you were afraid I wouldn't come home," I said swiftly. "You didn't say anything about measles then."

"My fever came because I was visited by the Sainte Vierge. It is a sign of Grace," she answered.

She stopped pirouetting and got into bed and covered her face with the sheet. I dropped my cigarette ash into a doll's saucer and glanced around the room. It was an odd mixture of nursery and cell. There was a second slit in the wall as well as the window where she had stood to throw chestnuts on my head, and immediately beneath this slit she had improvised a prie-dieu made out of a packing-case with a piece of old brocade across the top.

Above this was a crucifix adorned with a rosary, and between two candles on the top of her prie-dieu was a statue of the Madonna.

Toys, more suited to her age than the prie-dieu, lay about the floor and by her bed was a photograph of Jean de Gue in uniform, taken, judging by the youthful appearance, before she was born.

I stubbed out my cigarette and got up. The figure under the blanket did not move.

"Marie-Noel, promise something."

Still no movement. I supposed she was foxing sleep. It did not matter.

"Promise you won't climb on the window-sill again," I said.

Nothing happened, and then there was an odd scratching sound, which began faintly, stopped, and continued more loudly. I realised that she was scratching the wall beside her bed in imitation of a mouse or rat. This was followed by a squeak, then a kick under the blanket. Forgotten sayings of disapproving adults returned to me.

"You're being neither clever nor funny," I said. "If you don't answer me at once I shan't say goodnight." A louder rat squeak and more violent scratching on the wall was the reply. "Very well, then," I said firmly, and opened the door. What I intended by this gesture heaven knew, for she held all the cards; she had only to go to the window again to prove it.

The threat, to my relief, succeeded. She threw down the sheet, sat up in bed, and held out her arms. Reluctantly I went to her.

"I will promise, if you will, too," she said.

Her reasoning was sound, but I sensed a trap. This was something for Jean de Gue to handle, not for me. I did not understand children.

"What must I promise?" I asked.

"Never to go away and leave me," she said, "or, if you must go, to take me with you."

Once again I avoided the direct question in her eyes. The situation was impossible. I had already placated the mother, pandered to the wife. Must I surrender to the daughter, too?

"Listen," I said, "adults can't commit themselves to promises of that kind. No one can force the future. There might be another war."

"I'm not talking about war," she said.

There was a strange, age-old wisdom in her voice. I wished she were older, or much younger, or somehow different. She was the wrong sort of age. I might have dared to tell the truth to someone growing up, but not to a child of ten, still fast in her secret world.

"Well?" she said.

No adult awaiting a decision about the future could have been more calm or grave. I



"Now, I suppose, you want to go home."

wondered why Jean de Gue had ever suggested to her that he might leave home and disappear. Had it been a threat to win obedience, like my trick of a moment ago? Or was the threat deliberate, so that when it did happen she would be prepared?

"It's no use," I said, "I can't make that promise."

"I didn't think you could," she said. "Life is hard, isn't it? We must both just hope for the best—that you will stay at home and that I shan't have to die young."

The casual, somehow fateful tone of voice was worse than if she had shown emotion. She kissed my hand again. I took a chance.

"Listen," I said, "I promise you that if I do go away I'll tell you first. I may tell nobody else, but I will tell you."

"That's fair," she nodded.

"And now will you go to sleep?"

"Yes, Papa. My blankets have come unstuck. Settle me, please."

The clothes were loose at the bottom. I thrust them in tight, so that she could not move. She watched me from the pillow. I supposed I was meant to kiss her.

"Goodnight," I said, "sleep well." And I kissed her on the cheek.

She was thin and bony, her face and neck small and the eyes much too big.

"You're not fat enough," I said, "you ought to eat more."

"Why do you look so awkward?" she asked.

"I'm not awkward."

"You've got the face of someone who tells a lie."

"I continually lie."

"I know you do. But not as a rule to me."

"Well, that's enough for now. Goodnight."

I went out and shut the door. I listened a moment outside, but there was no sound of movement, so I went down the turret stair, through the baize door, and back along the corridor to the dressing-room.

I felt suddenly very tired. The house was quite still. I crept into the bathroom and stood by the open bedroom door, listening. Francoise did not stir. I went close to the bed, and from the sound of breathing knew her to be fast asleep. I went back into the dressing-room, took off my things, and got into the bath. It had grown cold, but I didn't want to disturb her by running hot water. I dried, and put on the pyjamas I had worn at the hotel and the dressing-gown that was lying across the chair. I brushed my hair with his brushes, as I had done in the morning, and then went over to the table and picked up the parcel that bore the initials M-N. It felt like a book.

Carefully I undid the string and the wrapping, and it was a book, as I had thought. The

tonight but for something he had done to them.

Jean de Gue had failed. He was a greater failure than I. And that was why he had left me sleeping in the hotel in Le Mans and gone away. It was not a jest but a confession of defeat. I knew now that he would not come back.

Never before had I been concerned with the feelings of anybody but myself, except for the minds and motives of characters in history long-since dead. Now I had a chance to do otherwise, through deception. I could not be sure if anything good ever came through a lie. I thought not—only trouble, war, disaster—but I did not know.

I turned away from the window in the dressing-room, went into the bathroom, and took off my dressing-gown and slippers. Then I lay down beside his poor, pathetic wife, who was sleeping peacefully with the locket pinned on her shawl, and I said, "Oh, God, what am I to do? Ought I to leave this place, or should I stay?"

And there was no answer, only a question mark.

I slept heavily, and when I awoke the shutters had been pushed back, daylight filled the room, and my partner had left my side. I could hear voices coming from the bathroom beyond, and I lay still, my hands behind my head, looking about me at the room, whose striped wallpaper seemed out of keeping with the dark woodwork and the massive furniture, which had probably never been moved in fifty years. An effort had been made to modernise the room with bright hangings and a frilly dressing-table in the alcove.

The room served as boudoir also, for there was a small secretaire near the fireplace, a tea-table, a corner cabinet displaying porcelain, and a book-case, yet oddly the effect was not to make the room more comfortable but the reverse.

The voices ceased, taps were turned off, footsteps went along the corridor. Somewhere there was a banging door, a distant telephone, the sound of a car starting up and driving away, and then, after silence, the brushing movement of someone sweeping the corridor. Sleep had had a strange effect on me. I had awoken in a different vein. The sudden anguish that had come over me the night before had vanished. The people in the chateau had reassumed their puppet quality, and the jest was with me once again.

Last night I had sensed tragedy, and was so filled with compassion both for them and for myself that it had seemed to me I was destined to make amends for all that had gone wrong in their lives and my own. Now sleep had changed my values. The liability had become an escape. It was nothing to do with me if Jean de Gue had been possessed by his family, and had then run out on duty. No doubt they were as much to blame as he.

The self who had wakened this morning suggested that the whole unprecedented situation was but a prolongation of my holiday, and when it got out of control, as sooner or later it surely must, I could quit. The one embarrassment, discovery, would have happened last night if it were going to happen at all. The mother, the wife, the child, all three had been deceived. Whatever blunder I might make in future would be put down to whim or freak of temper, for the simple reason that I was above suspicion.

No spy in the service of his country had ever been given such a disguise, such an opportunity for probing the frailty of others . . . if that was what I wanted. What did I want? Last night, to heal. This morning, to be amused. There was no reason why the two should be incompatible.

I looked above my head at the old-fashioned bell-rope, and pulled it. The brushing in the corridor ceased. Footsteps came to the door and someone tapped. I called out "Entrez!" and the blushing, rosy-cheeked femme de chambre who had served my dinner tray presented herself at the door.

"Monsieur le Comte slept well?" she asked.

I told her very well, and demanded coffee. I inquired after the rest of the family and was informed that Madame la Comtesse was ill and staying in bed; that Mademoiselle was in church; that Monsieur Paul had gone to the "verrière"; that Marie-Noel was getting up; that Madame Jean and Madame Paul were in the salon. I thanked her and she went away. I had learnt three things from two minutes' conversation. My present to the mother had done her no good; Paul's business, the family business, was a glass-foundry; and Renee, the dark woman, was his wife.

I got up, went to the bathroom, and shaved.

Gaston brought my coffee to the dressing-room, no longer in uniform and gaiters but wearing the striped coat of a valet de chambre. I greeted him as a friend.

"Things are better this morning, then?" he said, placing the tray on the table. "It is not so bad to be home again, after all."

He asked me what I would wear, and I told him whatever he himself considered suitable to the morning. This amused him.

"It's not the coat that makes the morning gay," he said, "but the man inside it. Monsieur le Comte is all sunshine today."

I expressed concern for my mother's health. He pulled a face.

"You know how it is, Monsieur," he said. "When one grows old one becomes lonely and frightened, unless there is something very strong within." He tapped his heart. "Physically, Madame la Comtesse is stronger than anyone in St. Gilles, and in her mind as well, but morally it's a different matter." He went to the wardrobe, took out a tweed jacket, and began to brush it.

I watched him as I drank my coffee. This man was my friend, but I felt like Judas as I watched him.

I put on the clothes he had laid out for me, and it was a curious feeling, like wearing the garments of someone dead who had been close to me. I had not felt like this in the travelling suit I had worn the day before. This jacket was personal. It had a rough, familiar smell about it, not unpleasant, and I could feel it had been in woods and under rain; had rubbed the ground, had lain on summer grass, been scorched by bonfires.

"Will Monsieur le Comte be going down to the foundry?" asked Gaston.

"No," I said, "not this morning. Did Monsieur Paul suggest it?"

"Monsieur Paul will be back for lunch as usual. Possibly he is expecting you to go with him this afternoon."

"What's the time now?"

"Already after half-past ten, Monsieur le Comte."

I left him seeing to my clothes, while in the bedroom the little maid was busy making the bed. I walked downstairs, the chill, impersonal smell of polish that greeted me at variance with the gigantic crucified Christ upon the wall. I could hear the murmur of women's voices from the salon, and I crept softly to the open door leading to the terrace, having no desire to join them, and so out and round to my previous hiding-place under the cedar tree.

It was a golden autumn day, no hard brilliance in the sky

To page 47



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but soft translucence, the moisture from the ground drawn up into a spongy warmth, making the air gentle.

Someone was singing near the archway leading to the out-buildings, and walking left, so as to avoid the dog. I looked down and saw a woman kneeling beside a pool of water formed in the crevice of the moat wall and fed by the river. She was scrubbing sheets on a wooden board, splashing the soapy water over the rim of the crevice, and she looked up at me, brushing wispy hair from her forehead with a mottled hand and smiled and said, "Bonjour, Monsieur le Comte."

I found a door in the wall, and a narrow footbridge leading across the moat, and turning left, avoiding the garage and stabling, I was at once among cowhouses and straw and muddy earth, with a vegetable garden beyond covering three or four acres and enclosed by a rough stone wall, and beyond, this cultivated fields surrounded by forest. Here by the cowhouse was a straw stack, tightly packed and golden brown, and beneath it, piled in heaps one upon the other, pumpkins smooth and round, flesh-pink, lemon, lime, on top of them all a rake and fork, and a white cat blinking in the sun.

Inside the cowhouse the floors were newly washed, the water running in a groove, but the good cow smell, the manure, the milky tang, clung to the walls and the wooden partition. As I turned, an old woman emerged from the further end, smiling, toothless, her clogs clattering on the stone floor, bearing the yoke on her shoulders and the empty swinging pails. "Ben'ur, M'sieur le Comte," she seemed to say, and proceeded to talk rapidly, jerking her head and laughing, and I was lost for answer, her broad, toothless accent too unfamiliar to my ears.

I left her with a wave of my hand, passing a vast heap of cider apples ready for the press, and on through line upon line of vegetables, and so out through another door, through another wall, and into the immediate chateau grounds beneath the chestnut trees, their falling leaves dappling the sandy path with patterns of green and gold.

There was no formality about the grounds, and the dovecot was isolated amid pasture for the cattle; but the pasture stretched to the woods, and the paths through the woods spread from a single centre, like the hours of a sundial, stretching out to all the points of the compass. The dell in the centre was dominated by a lichen-covered statue, the classic drapery chipped, the right hand of the huntress missing.

I walked up one of these long rides and looked at the chateau from the furthest point, seeing it now as a picture within a frame. The blue-black roof, the turrets, the tall chimneys, and the sandstone walls had shrunk to fairy-tale proportions; it no longer held living, feeling people, but was a plate turned over in a book of illustrations, or something glimpsed on the walls of a gallery, noted momentarily for its beauty and then dismissed.

I retraced my steps past the seeking Artemis, down the ride to the dovecot, now filled with hay but still a nesting-place for cooing fantail pigeons, who preened and postured, strutting in and out of their narrow entrances, bowing and spreading their tails. Then the long windows of the salon opened, folding against the shutters, and the figures of Françoise and Renee appeared on the terrace, waving to me, and from between them the child came running, calling, "Papa . . . Papa . . ." regardless of her mother, who scolded her to return. Crossing the footbridge spanning the moat, she sprang

## Continuing . . . The Scapegoat

from page 45

over the grass to join me, leaping high when almost on top of me so that I had to catch her in mid-air like a ballet-dancer. "Why didn't you go to the foundry?" she asked, hanging round my neck, rumpling my hair. "Uncle Paul had to go without you, and it made him in a bad temper."

"I was late to bed through your fault," I said, putting her down. "You'd better go back indoors — I can hear your mother calling you."

She laughed, pulling my hand, dragging me to the swing by the dovecot. "There is nothing the matter with me today. You are home," she said. "Now mend the swing for me. The rope has broken."

I fumbled with the contraption, clumsy-handed, while she watched me, chattering of nothing, asking questions that demanded no answer; and then when I fixed the seat for her she stood on it for a moment, working it with energy, her

where I was, with an intuition that if I advanced he would growl again, and my efforts to make friends would increase his suspicion rather than allay it. "Leave him alone. Don't excite him," I said.

She let go his collar and he leaped towards me, still muttering, sniffed, and then left me without interest, and went off nosing at the ivy around the moat wall.

"He didn't give you any welcome," said Marie-Noel. "How extraordinary. Perhaps he isn't feeling well. Cesar, come here." "Don't bother him," I said. "He's all right."

I began to walk towards the house, but the dog did not follow me. He stood uncertainly, watching the child, who ran to him, and patted his great flanks and felt his nose.

I looked across the precincts of the chateau to the bridge

or not. You know that very well."

"Am I supposed to give the order?" She stared at me, her eyes round. "You always do," she said.

"Very well then," I said firmly. "It won't hurt you to have lessons, if your aunt can spare the time. Now come upstairs — I have something for you."

It occurred to me suddenly that the giving of the presents would be much simpler if it were done at the table, while we were all assembled there having lunch, than if I gave them to each one individually. But the child might have hers now, as a sop, because I had taken an unpopular attitude over the lessons.

She followed me up to the dressing-room, and I went to the table and gave her the book in its wrappings. She tore them off, and when she saw what the book was she exclaimed in delight and hugged it to her.

"It is just what I wanted," she said. "Oh, my darling sweet Papa, why do you always guess the right things?"

In her enthusiasm she flung herself upon me, and once again I was forced to undergo the arms round the neck, the cheek thrust against mine, the random kisses falling anywhere. This time I was expecting it, and as I swung her round in my arms it was like playing with a lion cub, or a long-limbed puppy, or any young animal that attracts one because of its youth and grace. Instead of being awkward with her I found myself responding. I pulled her hair and tickled the back of her neck, both of us laughing, her very naturalness with me making me unafraid, confident of myself and of her.

"Must I do lessons?" she said, sensing intuitively my sudden response, trying to turn it to advantage.

"I don't know," I said. "We can decide that later."

Putting her down, I stood beside the table again, looking at the other packages.

"I'll tell you something," I said. "I've brought presents from Paris for everyone. I gave your mother hers last night, and one to your grandmother, too. We'll put these in the dining-room, and they can open them at lunch."

"For Uncle Paul and my Aunt Renee?" she said. "Why, it's not either of their birthdays."

"No, but it's a good thing to give presents. It shows appreciation. I have one for your Aunt Blanche, too."

"For my Aunt Blanche?" She stared at me, amazed.

"Yes, why not?"

"But you never give her anything, not even for Christmas or the New Year!"

"Well, I'm giving her something now. It might make her better tempered."

The child went on staring at me, and began biting her fingers. "I don't think it's a good idea putting the presents on the table," she said, her voice worried. "It's too much like a fete or a celebration. Nothing is going to happen, is it, that you haven't told me?"

"What do you mean?"

"My little brother isn't going to be born today?"

"No, of course not. That's got nothing to do with it."

"The Wise Men from the east brought gifts . . . I know what you gave Maman, because she was wearing it. She told my Aunt Renee that it cost a lot of money, and it was very naughty of you, but it showed how fond of her you were."

"What did I tell you? It's a good thing to give presents now and again."

"Yes, but not in front of everyone, when it's special. I

am glad you did not put my 'Little Flower' in the dining-room. What have you brought for the others?"

"We'll see later."

She opened her book, crouching on her knees to do so, with the book laid out on the floor of the dressing-room. It struck me that I ought to go upstairs and inquire after my mother, and I said to Marie-Noel, "Come and see if your grandmother is better," but she went on reading, not taking her eyes from the book, and said without lifting her head, "She is not to be disturbed. Charlotte said so." Nevertheless I went upstairs, oddly confident now about everything I did.

I found my way without difficulty to the second floor and the third corridor, and the room at the end. I tapped on the door, but there was no answer, not even the barking of the terriers. I opened the door cautiously and found the room in darkness, the shutters closed, the curtains drawn. I could distinguish the form under the covers on the bed, and I went close and looked down on her.

The face had a dirty, greyish pallor to it, and she was breathing heavily, lying on her back, the sheet drawn to her chin. There was a close, stale smell about the room. I wondered how ill she was, and thought

it remiss of Charlotte to leave her there without attention. I could not tell whether she really slept, or simply lay there with her eyes closed, and I whispered, "Do you want anything?" but she did not answer. The heavy breathing sounded harsh and painful. I went out of the room, and at the end of the corridor came face to face with Charlotte.

"How is she?" I said. "I've just been in to her, but she didn't hear me."

I caught a flicker of surprise in the woman's small black eyes.

"She won't wake now before the afternoon, Monsieur le Comte," she whispered.

"Has the doctor been?" I asked.

"The doctor?" she repeated.

"No, naturally not."

"But if she is ill," I said, "wouldn't it be wise to send for him?"

The woman stared. "Who told you she was ill? There is nothing wrong."

"I understood from Gaston

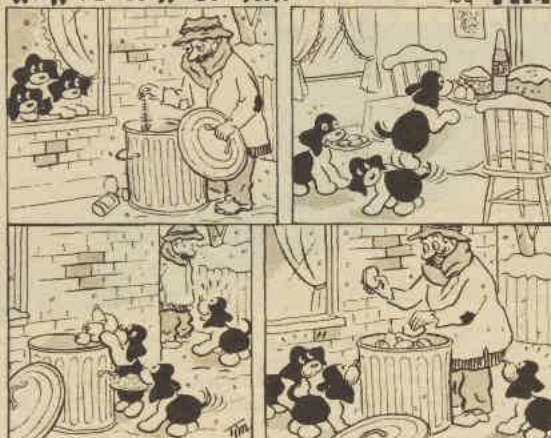
"I only gave the usual message in the kitchen that Madame la Comtesse was not to be disturbed."

She sounded on the defensive, as though I were unfairly attacking her for something she

To page 51

### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



thin legs springy as a monkey's beneath the short frock.

"Come on," she said suddenly — I had gone to the back to push her, thinking she wanted to swing higher — and we walked off aimlessly together, hand in hand, she stooping to pick up chestnuts when we came to the path, filling a small pocket in her frock and then throwing the rest away.

"Do people always like boys better than girls?" she asked me inconsequently.

"No, I don't think so. Why should they?" I replied.

"My Aunt Blanche says they do, but there are more women saints than men, for which there is great rejoicing in Paradise. Will you race me?"

"I don't want to race you."

She ran on ahead, skipping and leaping, passing through the garden door to the front terrace, through which I had gone the night before. Glancing up at the small window in her turret room, I saw how formidable was the height from that sill to the ground below. I followed the child towards the stabling and outbuildings.

She had sprung up on to the wall above the moat and was now picking her way along the top of it, amid tangled ivy. Then she jumped down again close to the archway, and the dog, which had been sleeping in the sun, stretched himself, wagging his tail, and she opened the gate of his run and let him out. He barked as he saw me approach, and when I called out, "Come here, then, what's the matter, old fellow?" he kept his distance and growled.

"Stop it, Cesar," said the child, jerking at his collar. "Have you gone blind suddenly that you don't know your master?"

He wagged his tail again and licked her hand, but he did not come to me, and I stood

and village beyond, and I saw a woman turn down the hill from the church and come to the gateway between the entrance towers. She wore black, with a little old-fashioned toque on her head, and she was carrying a prayer-book. I recognised her for Blanche. Looking neither to right nor to left, she walked stiff and straight up the gravel driveway to the terrace steps. Even when Marie-Noel ran to meet her, her frozen face never relaxed an instant, the hard, set expression remaining unchanged.

"Cesar growled at Papa," called the child, "and didn't seem pleased to see him. It has never happened before. Do you think he is ill?"

Blanche glanced across at the dog, who now advanced towards her, wagging his tail. "If no one is taking him for a walk he had better be put back in his run," she said, and came up the steps, apparently unconcerned at the dog's behaviour. "As you are now well enough to be out of doors, you are well enough to come for your lessons with me after lunch."

"I don't have to do lessons today, do I, Papa?" the child protested.

"I don't see why not," I said, believing I might ingratiate myself with Blanche. "You had better ask your mother what she thinks."

Blanche made no comment. She walked straight past me into the house: I might not have been there. Marie-Noel took my hand and shook it crossly.

"Why are you in such a bad humor with me today?" she said.

"I'm not in a bad humor."

"You are. You don't want to play with me, and it isn't anything to do with Maman if I have lessons this afternoon

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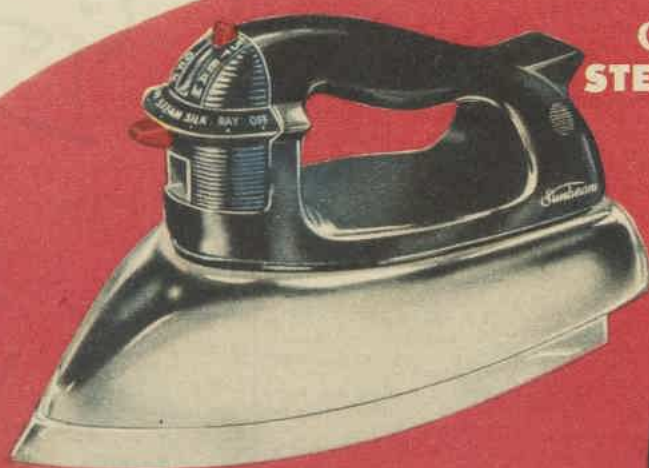
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had not done, and I realised I must have made some sort of error in coming upstairs to inquire after her patient, who now appeared not to be a patient but merely sleeping. "I must have misheard him," I said shortly. "I thought he said she was ill," and I went downstairs and back to the dressing-room to fetch the presents I was about to bestow upon my unsuspecting relatives. The child was still there, reading intently, and it was not until I stirred her with my foot that she became aware of my existence.

"You know, Papa," she said, "she was just an ordinary child like me. No one thought anything special about her when she was little. She could be troublesome sometimes, and cause grief to her parents. And then God chose her as a divine instrument to bring consolation to hundreds and thousands of people."

I picked up the packages from the table. "That sort of thing doesn't happen often," I said. "Saints are very rare."

"She was born at Alencon, Papa, and it's hardly any distance from here. I wonder if there is something in the air that is likely to turn a person into a saint, or whether there is something one must do?"

"You had better ask your aunt."

"I have. She told me prayer and fasting alone aren't any good, but that God's grace can descend suddenly, without warning, if one is really humble enough, and pure in heart. Am I pure in heart?"

"I doubt it," I heard the sound of a car driving up to the chateau, and Marie-Noel ran to the window and craned out.

"It's my Uncle Paul," she said. "His present is the smallest of the lot. I shouldn't like to be him. But being a man I suppose he can hide his feelings."

We went down like conspirators and into the dining-room, which I had not seen—a long, narrow room facing the terrace, immediately to the left of the entrance—and cunningly I told the child to lay the presents in their proper places, which she did with evident enjoyment, her earlier doubts allayed. I noticed, to my surprise, that Blanche sat at one end of the table, not Francoise, as I should have thought. The head of the table was presumably my own place since she laid no present there; and she put Renee's package next to it, and Paul's next to Blanche, and her own book of "The Little Flower" on my other side. Francoise, then, sat between Paul and the child. I puzzled on the jig-saw arrangement until Gaston came into the room, changed from his valet's rig to a dark coat, followed by the rosy-cheeked Germaine and another whom I had not seen before, but who, judging from her plumpness and frizzled hair, was daughter to the woman I had seen washing sheets in the pool beneath the moat wall.

"What do you think, Gaston," said Marie-Noel, "Papa is giving everybody presents, even my Aunt Blanche. It is not in celebration of anything, it is just a sign of appreciation."

I saw Gaston dart me a quick look, and I wondered why it should be so unusual a thing to do, to present gifts on returning home. Did he assume I had been drinking again? A moment or two later he flung open double doors at the end of the room, leading to what appeared to be a library, and said, "Madame la Comtesse is served."

The little group which his action revealed might have been a conversation piece executed rather stiffly by an eighteenth-century painter. Francoise and Renee were seated in hard chairs some distance apart, the one reading, the other sewing;

Continuing . . .

## The Scapegoat

[from page 47]

Paul was leaning on his wife's chair; and the tall, thin figure of Blanche was silhouetted against the further door. They looked up as the child and I advanced into the room.

"Papa has a surprise for you all," Marie-Noel said, "but I am not going to tell you what it is."

I wondered had it been Jean de Gue himself who entered, whether he would have seen them as I did then, or whether, because they were his own family and he belonged to them, familiarity would have blunted perception, their pose seeming natural and without significance, merging into the background that he knew so well. As a stranger I was like a spectator at a play, but I was also in a sense producer, too: circumstances were forcing them to follow my lead, and upon my actions would depend their own.

I SAW, in that moment, apprehension on both Francoise's face and Renee's, but to a different degree, and surely from a different cause: the one expressed doubt, a fear of being hurt, and the other, more guarded, wary, seemed to imply misgiving. Paul, openly hostile, threw a glance full of suspicion and dislike, and Blanche, by the door, betrayed no interest whatsoever. But I saw her figure stiffen, and she looked not at me but at the child.

"What is it, Jean?" said Francoise, rising to her feet.

"Nothing," I replied. "Marie-Noel likes to be mysterious. It's only that I have brought back a small present for everyone, and we put them on the table in the dining-room."

The tension eased. Renee relaxed, Paul shrugged his shoulders, and Francoise smiled, fingering the locket which she wore pinned on to her jumper.

"I'm afraid you spent too much money in Paris," she said. "If you continue giving me presents like this one, there'll be nothing left at all."

She passed by into the dining-room, and we followed her. I made a pretence of tying my shoes, allowing the others to sit, so as to make sure that I was right in assuming my place to be at the head of the table. This was correct, and I sat down. There was a momentary hush while Blanche said grace and we bowed our heads over our plates.

I noticed Marie-Noel watch her aunt in fascination, and looking to the end of the table I saw that Blanche's eyes were on the package beside her napkin. Her usual frozen immobility changed to incredulity. Had the package been a live snake she could not have expressed greater horror or disgust. Then her mouth tightened, she regained composure, and ignoring the package she took the napkin and placed it on her lap.

"Aren't you going to open it?" said the child.

Blanche did not answer. She broke the bread beside her plate, and I saw then that the others were all looking at me with curiosity, as if something quite without precedent had occurred. For one second I wondered if my action in sitting down, the way I held myself, some involuntary gesture, had at last betrayed me, and they knew me for an impostor.

"Well," I said, "what's wrong? Why are you all staring at me?"

The child gave me the answer. "Everyone is surprised because you have given a present to my Aunt Blanche," she said.

So that was it. I had acted out of character. But I was still undiscovered.

"I felt in a generous mood,"

I announced, and then, remembering the words of Jean de Gue in the bistro in Le Mans, and how his choice of gifts must have been deliberately chosen to suit the recipient, I added, "I hope I have given everybody what they needed most. It's part of my system."

"Look," said Marie-Noel, "Papa has given me a life of 'The Little Flower.' It was certainly what I wanted most. He can't have given my aunt Blanche a life of St. Therese of Avila because it's the wrong shape. I could tell by the feel of it."

"Suppose you stop talking," I said, "and get on with your food. They can open their presents later."

"There's only one present I want," said Paul, "and that's the renewal of the Carvalet contract, and possibly a cheque for ten million francs. You haven't been able to oblige, by any chance?"

"I would say your present also is the wrong shape," I answered, "and I dislike talking business when I am eating. On the other hand, I am perfectly willing to come with you to the foundry this afternoon."

My sense of power was unbounded. I knew nothing about the contract or the business, but I felt my bluff to be superb, and it must have worked, for they were all attacking their plates. My self-confidence mounting every moment, I signalled to Gaston to pour me out a glass of wine. I recalled my success with the mother the night before and began to tell the same tale again, the visit to the theatre in Paris, the meeting with old friends, and just as she had fed me with information then, so now I picked up here and there a clue.

As the meal went on I learned that during the war Jean de Gue must have fought for the Resistance, that Paul had been a prisoner, that Jean de Gue and Francoise had met and married soon after the Liberation. Little scraps of family history fell on my ear before the conversation drifted to something else totally unconnected. What I gleaned would have to be sorted and sifted at leisure, and still I could not be absolutely sure of the relationship between Jean de Gue and Paul and Renee, except that the last two were husband and wife, and Paul obviously directed, or helped to direct, the family business.

The likeness that made the tie between Jean de Gue, his mother, and his child showed no trace in the coloring or features of the sister Blanche; while Paul and Renee, both being dark in hair and complexion, could have been blood relations had I not known the contrary.

Blanche took little part in the conversation, and never once addressed herself to me; and Francoise, surprisingly, proved my greatest source of help and information. The note or complaint had gone from her voice, she seemed happy, even gay, and I guessed that the locket she so constantly fingered was the cause of this. Renee, whom I had expected to dominate the table, was silent, even sullen, and when Blanche inquired after her migraine she replied briefly that it was as bad as ever.

"Why don't you take something for it?" said Paul irritably. "Surely in these days somebody has invented a cure? I thought Dr. Lebrun had given you some tablets."

"You know perfectly well they don't touch it," she answered. "I shall lie down this afternoon and try to sleep. I had a wretched night."

"Perhaps Aunt Renee is getting measles," said Marie-Noel.

"They say that begins with a headache. But it wouldn't hurt her if she was, because Aunt Renee isn't going to have a baby."

The remark was unfortunate. Renee flushed and darted a look of venom at her niece, while Francoise, turning the subject rather too adroitly, asked Paul about one of the workmen who had burnt his arm in a furnace, at the same time frowning at the child.

"If what we pay out in benefits and sickness could only go into the business, we should be in a better position to face the future," said Paul. "As it is, the men seize any excuse to be idle, knowing they will be kept at our expense. It was very different in my father's day."

"Our father happened to have brains and integrity," said Blanche, surprisingly. "His sons unfortunately have neither."

Good for Blanche, I thought, looking towards her in astonishment. But Paul, thrusting out his chin and flushing as darkly as his wife, said swiftly, "Are you suggesting that I am dishonest?"

"No," said Blanche, "misleading."

"Oh, please," said Francoise wearily, "must we have this at the table? I thought for once we were going to keep off family affairs."

"My dear Francoise," said Paul, "if Jean cared to put into the business one-quarter of what he spends on ridiculous trinkets like the brooch you are wearing, there wouldn't be any need to discuss family affairs. No one would complain. Least of all myself."

"You know perfectly well it's the first present he has given me for months," she said.

"Possibly. But perhaps other people have been more fortunate."

"Such as whom?" "Don't ask me. Jean is the traveller. I stay at home. That is the prerogative of the younger brother."

UNPLEASANT in nuendo, but I had it. He was also a de Gue, the younger. And judging from his manner he resented his position. The jig-saw fitted into place, but I was not certain that Renee made a comfortable sister-in-law.

"If you are trying to hint," said Francoise, "that Jean wastes his money on other women . . ."

"But he does," chipped in the child. "Papa has given a present both to Aunt Renee and Aunt Blanche, and I for one want to know what he has brought."

"Will you be quiet," said Francoise, turning to her.

The leg of mutton had been eaten and taken away, the vegetables served, and we were now at cheese and fruit. I felt it was time to ease the tension.

"How about opening the presents?" I said cheerfully. "I agree with Francoise. Let's stop discussing family. Come on, Renee, a gift to chase the migraine."

Marie-Noel asked my permission to get down, and then ran round the table to stand beside her aunt. Reluctantly, I noticed, Renee untied the ribbon. The fancy paper was laid aside, and the layers of tissue. I caught a glimpse of lace, and Renee paused and said hurriedly, "I'll open it upstairs. I might spill something on it here."

"But what is it?" said Francoise. "A blouse?"

The child forestalled the covering hand of her aunt, and drew from the folded tissue the flimsiest of nightgowns, gossamer light, a frivolity for brides on midsummer eve.

"How pretty," said Fran-

coise. But her tone lacked warmth.

Renee had taken the piece of nonsense away from Marie-Noel and was folding it back again between the concealing paper. She did not thank me. It was only then that I realised I had made a faux pas. The gift was not intended for public display.

The child had been right when she told me that presents were personal things, and that people liked to open them in privacy. Too late to make amends. Paul was staring moodily at his wife, and Francoise wore the false, bright smile of someone who tries to pretend that all is well. On Blanche's face was nothing but contempt. Marie-Noel was the only one delighted.

"You will have to keep that for best, Aunt Renee," she said. "The pity of it is that only Uncle Paul will see you wearing it."

She darted round to his side of the table. "I wonder what Papa has given you?" she said.

He shrugged his shoulders. His wife's gift had taken the edge off expectation. "I've no idea. You had better open it," he said.

Excitedly she snipped the string with a knife, while I sought to make excuses for Jean de Gue. I thought back to the past evenings, and my encounter downstairs, and I believed I knew now what had been expected of me. Tete-a-tete, with Paul absent, the frivolous gift might have come apropos. But it hardly belonged to the dining-room with the cheese. At least, I decided.

the blunder might be rectified by the fact that Jean de Gue had brought a present for his brother, too. But I was wrong. Worse was to come. The child, with puzzled face, drew forth a small bottle from corrugated wrapping.

"It's medicine," she said. "It's called Elixir." And looking at the printed folder enclosed with it she read aloud, "To tone the organs. A hormone preparation to counteract impotence . . ."

Paul snatched the bottle from her to prevent further reading from the folder. "Give that thing here and be quiet," he said, stuffing the bottle in his jacket and turning to me in fury. "If that's your idea of a joke, I don't see it."

He got up and went out of the room. The silence was appalling, and this time I could find no excuses for Jean for such a wanton piece of cruelty.

"What a shame," said Marie-Noel reproachfully. "Uncle Paul was disappointed, and I don't blame him."

I felt Gaston's gaze on me from the sideboard, and lowered my eyes to my plate. Hostility surrounded me on all sides. I dared not look at Renee, and Francoise's deprecating cough warned me that I could expect no sympathy from her. Jean de Gue, in all the glory of his cups, could not have made so fabulous a botch as I had done. Apology was useless. "For what we have received may the Lord make us truly thankful," said Blanche,

To page 52



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and rose from her seat. Francoise and Renee followed her, and I was left sitting at the table.

"Aunt Blanche," called the child, "you haven't taken your present." She ran after the others, holding the third package in her hands.

Gaston came with a tray and brush to sweep the crumbs. "If Monsieur le Comte is going to the foundry the car is outside," he said.

I met his eyes and saw reproach. And this upset me, because his devotion gave me confidence.

"What happened just then," I said, "was not intentional."

"No, Monsieur le Comte."

"It was, in fact, an error. I had forgotten the contents of the packages."

"Evidently, Monsieur le Comte."

There was no more to say. I went out of the dining-room to the hall, and so to the terrace, and drawn up below the steps was the Renault, and Paul waiting by the open door.

There was no escaping him. The situation was my responsibility. Whatever Jean de Gue may have intended to do, discreetly and in private, I had now wrecked with brash and false bonhomie.

"All right, get in. You drive," I said curtly, and as I climbed in beside Paul I realised that in assuming the personality and presence of the other I must also make amends for the faults I committed in his name. In a strange way it seemed a point of honor.

"I'm sorry for what happened just now," I said. "The

Continuing . . .

## The Scapegoat

from page 51

whole thing was a mistake. Everything got mixed up in my valise."

He did not answer immediately, and glancing at him, as we turned left up the village hill and past the church, I saw in the narrow mouth, with the droop at the corners, for the first time a resemblance to Blanche. But the prominent nose and thick eyebrows were his own, and the muddy complexion was quite different from hers, which was smooth and pale and fine.

"I don't believe you," he said. "If any gesture was deliberate, yours was, to make me look a fool in front of everyone, even the servants. Can't you imagine them now, laughing their heads off in the kitchen? I should be, if I were them."

"Nonsense," I said. "Nobody even noticed. And I've told you already it was a mistake. Forget it."

He turned out of the village, past a cemetery, and along a straight road towards the line of forest.

"I've put up with practical jokes from you all my life," he said. "But there are certain limits. What might be amusing at a club, or between ourselves, is a different thing from jeering openly before our wives, and hurting them into the bargain. Frankly, I didn't know that even you were capable of that amount of bad taste."

"All right," I said. "I've apologised. I can't do more."

If you won't believe the thing was a mistake, there's no more to be said."

The forest closed in upon us, not a forbidding darkness but golden green, a tangle of oak, hornbeam, chestnut, beech — all the trees whose leaf gives light instead of shadow, whose branches spread with time, whose stems grow paler.

"Another thing," said Paul, "don't you think it's time you stopped treating Renee as if she were a second Marie-Noel? If you want to make a pet of your own daughter it's your affair, not mine, but I object to my wife being turned into a doll merely to gratify your desire for popularity."

The role of apologist was not an easy one, and I tried to think what Jean de Gue would have done if he had committed the blunder of producing the nightdress in public.

"All women like to be spoiled," I said. "Didn't you see what I gave Francoise? Naturally I brought back something pretty for Renee, too. Did you expect me to give her the life of a saint, like the child?"

Paul turned the car to the right, and we were off the tarred surface on to a sandy by-road. The forest was thinning, and there was a clearing ahead.

"Your choice was vulgar and your timing crude," said Paul. "I happened to be watching Francoise as well as Renee. Anyway, next time you decide to give my wife a present, consult me first."

The road narrowed, and I saw that it was a cul-de-sac. Straight before us was a long line of workmen's cottages, and to our right a great shed-like building with a sloping roof and tall stove-pipe chimneys, standing in a wide expanse of rough ground surrounded by other sheds, the whole fenced in and separated from the road and cottages. Workmen were passing in and out of the sheds with barrows, and there was a truck running along rails, backing against a tipped heap of waste. From the chimneys came a peculiar gasping, choking sound of smoke expelled by a furnace. Paul drove the car in through the open gates, stopping in front of the small lodge immediately beside them, and getting out, without another word to me he walked away across the ground towards a second building, behind the shed with the high chimneys.

I followed him, and as I picked my way between the trolley rails I realised, from the crunching beneath my feet, that the ground was covered with minute particles of glass, fine as sand upon a beach. It was everywhere, part of the soil, part of the mud, and the waste heaps were glass as well, blue and green and amber.

Workmen pushing barrows stopped to let us pass, and I noticed that although they nodded to him, to me they smiled; not with any particular deference or respect, but with a certain camaraderie and warmth, as if they were genuinely glad to see my face. The welcome flattered me, boosted my morale, and I felt meanly gratified that the esteem, or whatever it was, had been shown to me, not Paul.

He made straight for a long, two-storied, eighteenth-century house, with an old, red-tiled, lichen-covered roof, and opening the door led the way into a square shabby room with panelled walls and a stone floor. There was a table in the middle covered with books and files and papers, and a big desk in one corner. A bald-headed man with spectacles

and hollow cheeks, wearing a dark suit, rose from a seat at the table when he saw us.

"Bonjour, Monsieur le Comte," he said to me. "You are feeling better, then?"

I realised that Paul must have told him some story of sickness or a hangover, or both, and I noticed that his smile was tremulous, nervous, not warm and friendly as that of the workmen had been, and behind the spectacles he had anxious eyes.

"There was nothing wrong with me," I said. "I was merely idle."

Paul laughed—not the laugh of humor, but the disparaging sound of one who is not amused. "It must be pleasant to lie in bed in the mornings," he said. "It's something I haven't been able to do for a long time, or Jacques either, for that matter."

The man made a deprecatory gesture, glancing from one to the other of us, wishing to offend neither, and then he said quickly, "Is there anything you wish to discuss in private? If so, I can leave you."

"No," said Paul, "the future of the business is as much your concern as ours. Like you, I am waiting to hear what was achieved in Paris."

They looked at me, and I looked back at them. Then I went over to the chair by the desk, sat down, and took a cigarette from the packet lying there.

"What do you want to know exactly?" I asked, bending over to light the cigarette, the action enabling me to hide my face, which might otherwise have betrayed my uncertainty of the proper reply.

"Oh, mon Dieu . . ." said Paul in exasperation, "as if my cautious, hedging question was the ultimate straw, the final insult to patience too long shown. 'There's only one issue, isn't there? Do we, or do we not, close down?'"

Somebody — was it the mother? — had said something about a contract. The visit to Paris hinged on a Carvalet contract. Jean de Gue was expected to bring it back with him. Very well, then, they should have it.

"If you mean did I succeed in getting Carvalet to renew the contract, the answer is yes," I said.

Both men stared at me, astounded. Jacques burst out with a "Bravo!" but Paul interrupted, "Oh, on what terms, what stipulations?"

"Our terms," I said, "and they made no stipulations."

"You don't mean to tell me they are willing to take our stuff on precisely the same conditions as before, in spite of the lower quotations they are getting from other firms?"

"I persuaded them to do so."

"How many discussions did you have?"

"Several."

"But what's the explanation? Why all those letters? Were they bluffing, trying to make us lower our figure, or what?"

"I couldn't tell you."

"Then you came away completely satisfied, and we carry on for a further period of six months?"

"That's about it."

"I can't understand it. You've achieved something I frankly believed to be impossible. My congratulations."

He took the cigarettes from the desk and handed them to Jacques, lighting one for himself. They began discussing something, without reference to me, and I swivelled round in my chair and looked out of the window, wondering what I had been talking about. In a moment, perhaps, they would begin again with the questions which meant nothing to me, and my wild ignorance would betray itself, but in the mean-

time . . . in the meantime, what?

I looked out and saw an orchard, golden in the sun, with apple trees, heavy laden. An ancient horse with a flowing white mane browsed in a field beyond. A woman in a black apron, with a grey shawl round her shoulders and sabots on her feet, was hoeing between the vegetables, hens pecking in her path.

The scene framed itself in the window-pane like a print, peaceful and soothing, and I wished it could continue with me as onlooker, not participating in any way, a traveller sitting in a train watching the world go by. Yet this was what I had complained of in life hitherto — the non-participation, the lack of contact with the ways of other people.

"Have you got the contract with you?" said Paul.

"No," I answered. "They're sending it."

The woman hoeing lifted her head and looked towards the window. She was large, elderly, broad-hipped, with a lined brown peasant's face, and her first glance at the house was watchful, suspicious; but when she caught sight of me she smiled, and leaving the hoe she plodded across the ground towards the house.

"I suppose it's all right to tell everybody there's no question now of a close-down, Monsieur Paul?" said the man Jacques. "I've said nothing, but you know how rumors get around."

"I know it only too well," said Paul. "The atmosphere's been impossible. Yes, spread

the news as soon as you like."

The woman was now dining beneath the window, and I noticed her for the first time. "There's Julie, all as usual. Wants to be the first to spill good news or bad," I leant out of the window. "Monsieur Jean succeeded in Paris. Don't pretend you don't know what I mean."

The half-smile broadened the woman's face. She reached out and plucked a bunch of grapes dangling from the vine on the wall beside her, and offered it to me with the gesture of a queen.

"There you are," she said. "Grown especially for Monsieur le Comte. Eat the lot once before the bloom is on them. So all is well then, all?"

"All is well," said Paul, "denly human, relaxed."

"It's what I thought," said the woman. "It needs some brains to kick the people where they feel it. And who are they, I should like to know, thinking that cause they have a big name in Paris they can dictate to. It's time they learnt their lesson. I hope you made them small, Monsieur Jean."

She had the solidity of Gideon, and his strength, and the same flame of loyalty in her eyes, but she would not hesitate to criticise if those in whom she gave devotion failed.

"So the furnace will continue to roar, and the chimneys to smoke, and the glass to cool the floor of my lodge with its dust, and nobody will think

To page 56

### No brush can clean around this dangerous HIDDEN "S" BEND

HARPIC kills dangerous germs which lurk and breed round the hidden "S" bend.

Keep your toilet clean and bright with a little HARPIC every night

HARPIC disinfects and deodorises—as it cleans

#### NEW PLEASANT WAY TO REALLY CLEAN YOUR TOILET!

Simply sprinkle in Harpic at night and flush in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly, killing germs around that hidden "S" bend, leaving the entire lavatory bowl sparkling, hygienically clean. Delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Harpic can be used with perfect safety for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls. Ask for Harpic at your store.

**HARPIC** REGD.

Safe for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls

CLEANS ROUND THE "S" BEND • DISINFECTS • DEODORISES

## Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear . . . or cut out ready to make.



"MARY ANNE." Smart Empire-line one-piece dress made of whirlaway angora. The bodice top is finished with chic white poplin vestee. The superb color range includes mushroom, mocha-brown, blossom-pink, petunia, rose, and forget-me-not blue.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 30 and 32in. bust, £7/12/6; 34in. bust, £7/18/9. Postage and registration, 5/- extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 30 and 32in. bust, £5/4/3; 34in. bust, £5/6/9. Postage and registration, 5/- extra.

Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 56. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication.





AWW PROJECT

**The Australian Women's  
Weekly (1933 - 1982)**

Issue 1957-07-10

Page 53

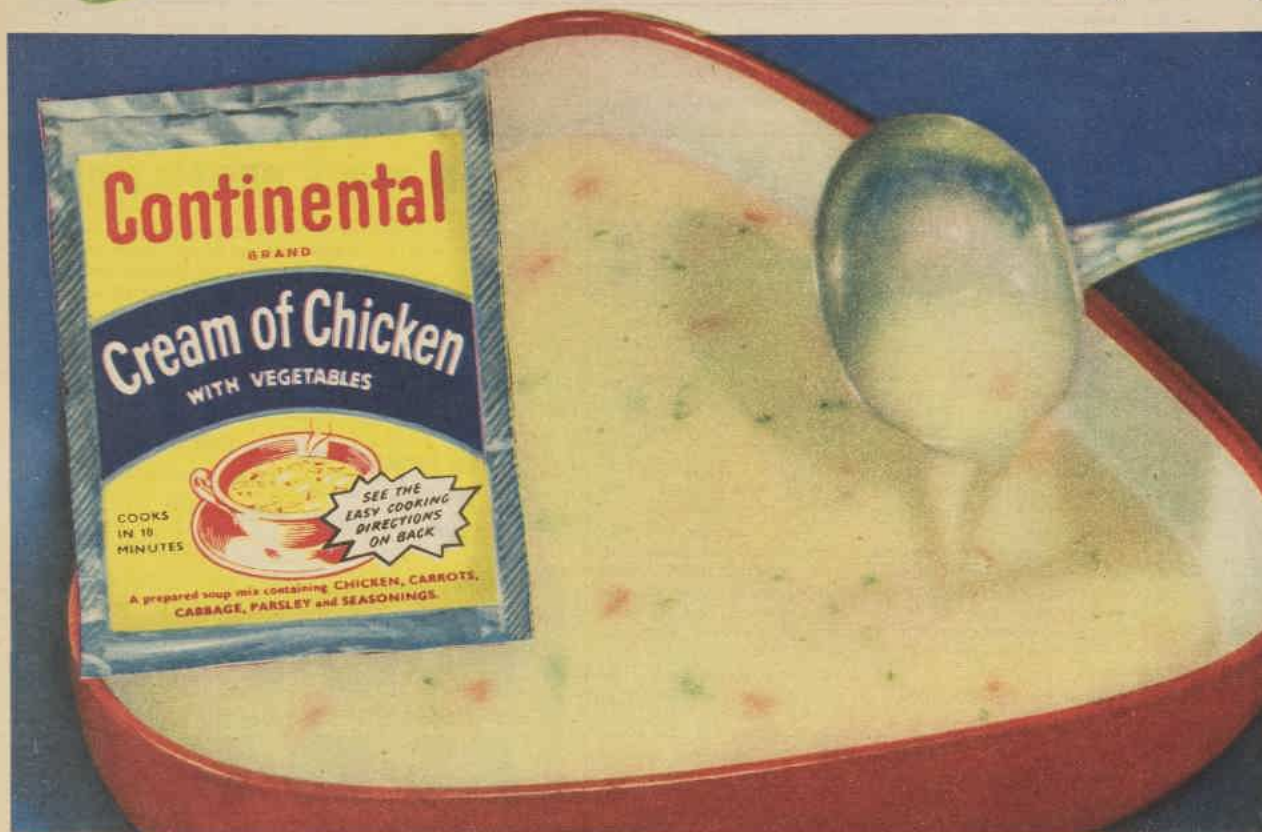
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**NEW!**

# CREAM OF CHICKEN

with that famous **CONTINENTAL**  
chicken richness everybody loves



Just when the weather calls for a really satisfying rich, creamy soup, along comes a beauty: Continental brand Cream of Chicken Soup with Vegetables!

This smooth, creamy newcomer was created by the same expert cooks who produced Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup, so you can be sure it has all that famous Continental home-style chicken richness. Serve Continental Cream of Chicken Soup with Vegetables tonight.

*"You can fresh home-cook Continental's new Cream of Chicken yourself, in only 10 minutes — and you'll love its fine, home-cooked goodness—really delicious!"*



SAYS HOME ECONOMIST  
OF WORLD BRANDS

*Betty King*

Easiest way ever to make . . .

## Luscious Lemon Meringue Pie

"It's the kind mother used to serve, yet you make it so quickly with Mellah Lemon Pie Filling — and 'Cophia' for the pastry,"

SAYS *Betty King*, HOME ECONOMIST OF WORLD BRANDS

Big slices of luscious, home-made Lemon Meringue Pie — wonderful for tonight's dessert! The job's half done already with Mellah Lemon Pie Filling — made up in

minutes, and deliciously creamy. And that wonderful biscuit-crisp pastry is so easy too, thanks to Cophia's simple 'Melt 'n' Mix' Method. Try this recipe today.

### LEMON MERINGUE PIE

#### Biscuit Pastry

1 oz. sugar; 1 egg;  
5 oz. (1½ cups) self-raising flour;  
½ level teaspoon salt;  
2 oz. Cophia Shortening.

Place in basin sugar, egg, salt and half the sifted flour. Add melted 'Cophia' (barely warm, not hot). Beat 2 minutes. Add remaining flour and mix well. Knead slightly and roll on floured board. Line a 7" pie plate,

A Betty King "Tested Recipe"

trim and decorate edges. Prick well with a fork. Bake in a moderate oven 15 minutes.

#### Pie Filling

Make 1 pkt. Mellah Lemon Pie Filling as directed on pack. Cool and place in cooled pastry case. Top with meringue.

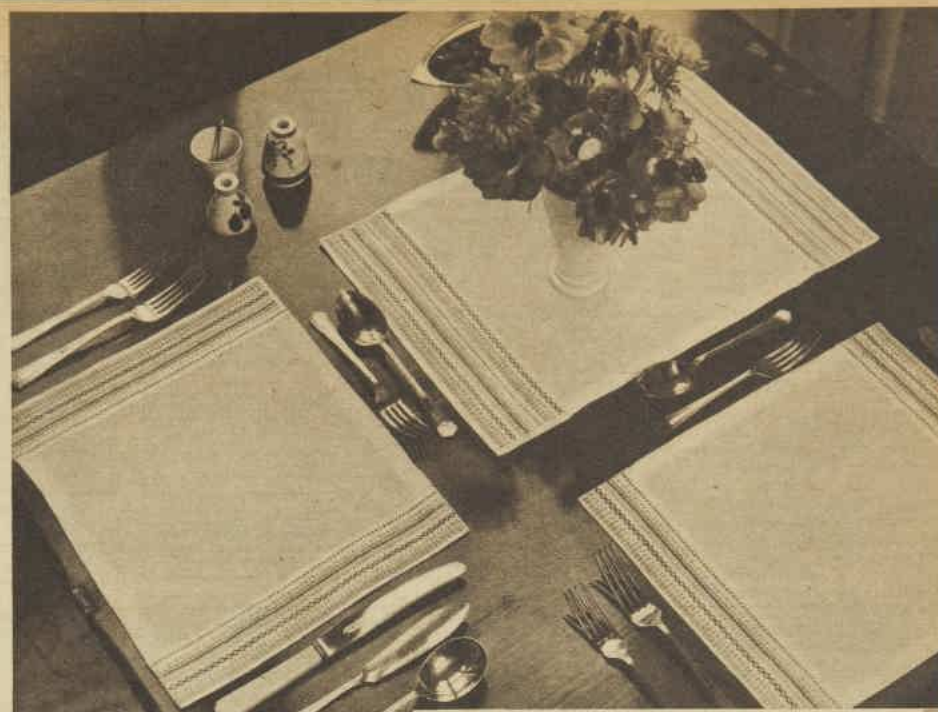
Pure, white, all-vegetable shortening — makes perfect pastry, cakes, biscuits.





# EMBROIDERED MATS

● Mats for the dinner table always give an air of casual elegance for informal entertaining. The mats shown at right rely on simple stitches in gay colors for their smart effect. Make them in pique or linen.



HERE are full directions for making:

**Materials:** 5 skeins 850 (magenta); 2 skeins 523 (jade); 1 skein white (for hemstitch and slipstitch) of Clark's "Anchor" stranded cotton (use 1 strand for herringbone-stitch and cross-stitch, 2 strands for rest of embroidery); 1/2 yd. white pique, 36 in. wide; 1 card white bias binding; 1 Milwards "Gold Seal" crewel needle No. 7.

Cut centre mat 25 in. by 12 1/2 in. and two place-mats 18 in. by 11 1/2 in. Cut with the ridges of pique running across narrow width of mats.

Work the border at each end 3 1/2 in. from edge on centre mat and 2 1/2 in. from edge on place-mats. Work border across, leaving 1/2 in. margin at sides, following Diagram 1 and number key for embroidery.

Work the deep border on centre mat and the part in brackets on place-mats. The dotted lines at left side of diagram represent the pique ridges. The letters on key indicate the stitches used and are:—

C—chevron-stitch (see diagram 2—figure A shows the first needle movement, figure B the second; work in same manner at top and bottom of row. Two rows of this stitch are worked, the top line of second row immediately under the bottom line of first row); F—french knots; R—running-stitch; B—blanket-stitch; S—straight-stitch; T—cross-stitch; H—herringbone-stitch; A—cable-chain-stitch (see diagram 3—figure A shows first movement, needle brought through and passed under working thread; figure B shows needle twisted round thread and into

the material a short distance from where it first emerged, at the same time lifting a stitch with point of needle over the working thread, hold firmly and pull through).

**Hems:** Turn back 1/2 in. hem down long sides of each mat, and face with bias binding, slip-stitching the inner edge. On ends of centre mat, turn back 3 in. hem and hemstitch across top on right side without drawing threads. Slip-stitch hem ends.

Press embroidery well on wrong side.

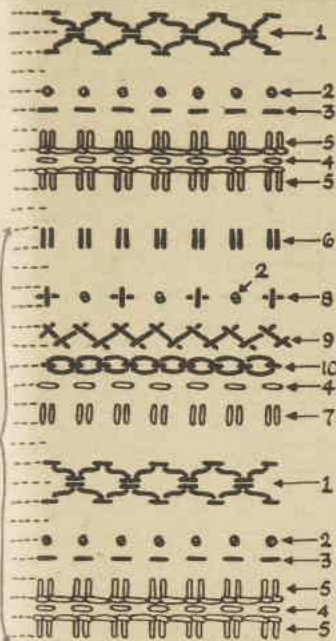


DIAGRAM 1

## KEY

- |             |              |     |
|-------------|--------------|-----|
| 1 = 850 - C | 6 = 850      | } S |
| 2 = 850 - F | 7 = 523      |     |
| 3 = 850     | 8 = 850 - T  | } R |
| 4 = 523     | 9 = 850 - H  |     |
| 5 = 523 - B | 10 = 850 - A |     |

ABOVE are the finished dinner-mats. Below is the simplified pattern ready to trace off on to graph paper if your mats are to be made of linen and not of pique. At left is a close-up of stitch pattern. See Diagram 1 for stitch guide. Diagram 2 for chevron-stitch, and Diagram 3 for cable-chain-stitch as given in the easy-to-follow directions at left.

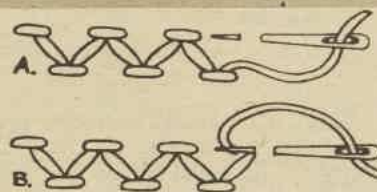
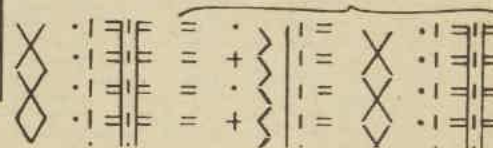


DIAGRAM 2

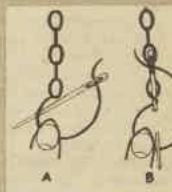


DIAGRAM 3

## THE GOOD OIL



### FROM THE SHEEP'S BACK

£10,000,000 A YEAR LOSSES TO AUSTRALIAN WOOL INDUSTRY WERE COMMON FROM "FLY-STRIKE" BEFORE SHELL DIELDRIN AND ALDRIN—THE STRONGEST AND MOST PERSISTENT INSECTICIDES KNOWN CAME TO THE AID OF GRAZERS.

### £22 MILLION PAY PACKET

MORE THAN 21,000 AUSTRALIANS WORK FOR OIL INDUSTRY. THE INDUSTRY'S TOTAL INVESTMENT IN AUSTRALIA IS OVER £100 MILLION AND SALARIES EXCEED £22 MILLION A YEAR!



### OLYMPIC COAT



MELBOURNE'S £500,000 OLYMPIC SWIMMING POOL IS COATED WITH SPECIAL SHELL EPIKOTE RESIN AS BASIS FOR PLASTIC UNDERWATER FINISH.

## DID YOU KNOW...

### OIL A HIT IN THE 'SIXTIES

"OIL IS KING" AND "OIL IS ON THE BRAIN" WERE "POP" TUNES 90 YEARS AGO WHEN SONG WRITERS POKED FUN AT OIL PROSPECTORS IN AMERICA.

### HEATING 500,000 HOMES

Since 1946 over half a million home heaters which carry the exclusive recommendation of Shell Blue Pennant Household Kerosine have been manufactured in Australia.



SHELL serves Australia... YOU CAN BE SURE OF





about the future for another six months," she said. "You will remember to come and say a word to Andre presently, Monsieur le Comte? You heard about his accident, naturally?"

I remember there had been talk of an injured workman. "Yes," I said, "I'll be along later," avoiding those loyal yet curious eyes. She went off again, and turning my head I saw that Paul was hanging up his coat and putting on overalls.

"There's not been much correspondence in since you were away," he said. "It's all there on the desk. Jacques will show you."

He opened the door through which we had entered, facing the sheds, and went out, and I was left alone with Jacques and a little stack of letters and papers. I opened them one by one, and they were mostly invoices, curt demands for payment for goods supplied by other firms, a query from a haulage contractor, a statement from the railway.

As I looked through them I knew that I understood nothing, absolutely nothing, of what I was supposed to do or say or dictate or write; the jumble of figures was meaningless, and I was as helpless as a child dumped suddenly into an adult world.

Strangely, to speak the truth was the only way out. I swept the file aside and said, "What is all this? What do you want me to do about it?" Strangely, too, Jacques smiled—he seemed more at his ease now that we were alone together and Paul had gone—and replied, "It's not necessary to do anything, Monsieur le Comte, now that the contract has been extended. They are only routine matters, and I can deal with them."

I got up from the desk, went to the door and opened it, and stood on the threshold, looking out on the line of sheds, the workmen passing to and fro, a lorry being driven out of the gates, the pleasing, somewhat incongruous proximity of a farm and farm buildings some fifty yards from the foundry shed itself. Geese were strutting in the yard, a woman spreading linen on a hedge to dry, and mingling with the lowing of cattle from beyond the farm gate came the intermittent clanging of metal within the shed.

I knew instinctively, because of the age of the buildings, and the atmosphere, that this had been happening in the same way for two or three hundred years, that wars and the Revolution had not altered it. It continued because the family and the workmen believed in it, because they wanted it that way. The small, unchanging glass-foundry was part of the background of their bit of country, like the farmhouse and the fields and the ancient apple trees and the forest, and to destroy it would be like tearing the roots of a live thing from the soil.

I looked over my shoulder to Jacques, sitting at the table, and said, "How long can a foundry like this compete against big firms with modern machinery, paying high wages?"

He raised his head from the invoices and papers that I had not understood, his eyes blinking nervously behind his spectacles.

"That depends on you, Monsieur le Comte. We know very well it can't go on much longer. It's a rich man's hobby that has become a liability instead of a source of revenue. If you don't mind losing money it's your affair. Only . . ."

"Only what?"

"You would not be losing quite so much today if a little more trouble had been taken in the past to look after what belongs to you. Forgive me, I am being frank. I have no business to say this. How can I put it to you, Monsieur le

Continuing . . .

## The Scapegoat

from page 52

Comte? A business is like a home: it must have a head, a core, a centre, and depending upon that centre so it either thrives or falls to pieces. As you know, I never worked for your father, it was before my time, but he was much respected, he was just and fair, and Monsieur Duval was another like him.

"Had he lived he would have made his home here in the house, and there would have been a sense of continuity. He understood the workmen, he would have known how to adapt himself to the changing conditions, but as things are . . ." He looked at me apologetically, unable to finish his sentence.

"Are you blaming me or my brother?" I asked.

"Monsieur le Comte, I blame neither. Force of circumstance has been against us all. Monsieur Paul has a great sense of duty, and he has devoted himself to this small business since the war, but after all he has been fighting a losing battle against costs and wages, and you know as well as I do that he is not at ease with the workmen, and sometimes that makes things very difficult."

I THOUGHT how unenviable was this man's position, the buffer, the go-between, cursed probably by employer and employee, yet bearing on his shoulders the real sweat and toil of the business—checking orders, pacifying creditors, working overtime, trying to keep some sort of balance, the last prop and support of a tottering system.

"What about me?" I asked. "Come on, be frank. Aren't you trying to tell me the failure's mine?"

He smiled, with a deprecating, indulgent shrug of the shoulder that explained a world of feeling without words.

"Monsieur le Comte," he said, "everybody likes you—no one ever says a word against you. But you are not interested, that's all. The foundry could fall to pieces tomorrow for all you care. Or, at least, so I believed until you told us the news this afternoon. We all imagined you were going to Paris simply to amuse yourself, instead of which . . ." He gestured with his hands, "as Monsieur Paul said, you've achieved the impossible."

I looked away from him to the open door, and I saw Julie plod back across the waste ground outside the sheds to her little lodge at the entrance. Some of the workmen called to her, laughing, and she shouted back to them, chaffing them, her hoe over her shoulder.

"You are not offended, Monsieur le Comte, at what I said?" Jacques asked with a touching humility.

"No," I answered. "No, I'm grateful."

I went out, crossing the short distance to the main foundry shed. Inside, near the furnace, the men were working stripped because of the heat. All round me were vats and tubs, rods and connecting pipes, and there was a roar and a clanging and an odd pungent smell which was not unpleasant. When I advanced to watch what was going on, the men stood back smiling, the same welcoming smile that I had noticed before, half familiar, half tolerant, the smile that adults assume sometimes to a child, indulgent in the sense that if the child wishes to amuse himself he might as well, since whatever he chooses to do can never be anything but play.

Presently I went out again into the cool air, to the other sheds, where men in overalls were working with different tools, with moulds and mix-

tures, and I turned in my hands the blues and greens and ambers of rejected glass that seemed to me perfect, little flacons and bottles of every shape and size.

"Amusing yourself, Monsieur Jean?"

I looked up from the glass I held in my hands, and there was the broad smiling face of Julie, the woman from the lodge.

"You can put it that way if you like," I said.

"Leave the solid work to M'sieur Paul," she said. "It

**All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.**

has always been like that. Will you come and see Andre now?"

She led the way through the entrance and down the sandy road past the line of cottages. She took me into the third cottage, which was living-room and kitchen and surely bedroom in one, for a man was lying there before the hearth on a tumbled wooden bed, while a bright-eyed boy about the age of Marie-Noel played with a broken truck in another corner.

"Now then," said Julie, "here is Monsieur le Comte come to see you. Sit up and show that you're alive at least."

The man smiled, hollow-eyed, pale, and I saw that he was bandaged from the neck down to the arm.

"How are you?" I said. "What happened?"

Julie turned from scolding the boy, who had not risen when I came into the kitchen.

"What happened?" she said. "He nearly burnt his right side off, that's all. So much for your modern furnaces and machinery. You can have the lot. Sit down, Monsieur Jean, sit down." She threw a cat off the single chair, and dusted it.

"Haven't you anything to say?" she asked the man, who looked too ill and wan to speak. "Here is Monsieur le Comte back from the gay life in Paris, and you can't even raise a smile for him. It's enough to send him straight back there again. Wait, I'll make some coffee."

She bent over the stove, rattling the fire with a bent poker.

"How long will you be laid up?" I asked the man.

"They won't tell me, Monsieur le Comte," he answered, a wavering eye on the woman, "but I'm afraid it may be some time before I am fit to work again."

"That's all right," said Julie. "Monsieur Jean understands that perfectly. No need to fuss. He will see you get paid all right, and compensation, too. And nobody is going to be out of work, either, for a long time to come, isn't that so, Monsieur Jean? We can all breathe again. Those sharks in Paris know better than to say no to us. Now then, drink your coffee. You like a lot of sugar in it, I know. You always did."

She fetched a small packet of sugar cubes from a cupboard, and the boy, seeing this, came to beg one from her, calling her grand'mere.

"Get off with you," she said.

"Where are your manners? Ah, since your mother went there's no holding you," and aside, in a loud hiss that the child must obviously have heard, "The trouble is he misses her, poor little one, and with Andre laid up I'm obliged to spoil him. Go on, drink your coffee. It might bring some color into your pale city face."

It was Andre on the bed who needed color, not I, and coffee,

too, but she did not offer him any, and looking above and about me I saw that the plaster was coming off the walls, and there was a great patch of damp on the ceiling that would spread with the first rain. She noticed my glance, with her shrewd brown eyes.

"What can one do?" she said. "I must try and patch it up one of these days. It's a long time since any of these cottages were repaired, but what's the good of coming to you with our grumbling? We know you're short of money, like the rest of us, and you have enough on your hands already. In a year or two, perhaps . . . How is everybody at the chateau? Is Madame la Comtesse well?"

"Not very well," I said.

"Well, there it is. We are all getting older. I will go up to see her one of these days, when I can get away. And Madame Jean, when is she expecting?"

"I'm not sure. I don't think it's very long now."

"If you have a fine boy a lot of things will be different. If I were younger I would come up and nurse him—it would remind me of old days. They were good times, you know, Monsieur Jean. People are very different today, nobody wants to work any more. If I didn't work I should die. You know what is wrong with Madame la Comtesse? She hasn't enough to do."

I saw Andre watch me drink, his wan eyes fixed upon my cup, and the boy, too, and I knew that they both wanted coffee and sugar and would not get any, not because Julie wished to keep it from them but because there was not enough to go round. And there was not enough to go round because they had no money to buy coffee or sugar in any quantity. Andre did not earn enough at the foundry, and the foundry belonged to Jean de Gue, who did not mind whether it closed tomorrow. I put the cup and saucer back on the stove.

"Thank you, Julie," I said. "It's done me good."

QUICKLY I stood up, and without protesting, the ritual visit over in fitting fashion, she went with me to the door.

"He won't work again," she said to me outside. "You understood that, of course. It's no use telling him, he would only fret. Well, there it is, that's life. Luckily, I'm here to look after him. My respects to Madame la Comtesse. I'll cut her some grapes from the vine; she used to enjoy them in the old days."

After you, Monsieur le Comte."

I let her go back alone, though, to the foundry, telling her I had to fetch something from the car, and watched her cross the rough ground, passing the dumps of waste glass, crunching the scattered powdery fragments with her sabots, her stolid, powerful figure in its dark shawl and apron part of the background, merging against the grey-washed sheds. When she had disappeared into the tangled garden behind the old house I got into the Renault and drove back along the high road, the way we had come, with the forest on either side. About four kilometres west, before the road dipped, I drew up at the side of the road, lit a cigarette, got out and looked down to the country below.

The little community of the glass-foundry was tucked away in its clearing in the forest behind me, and now below, out of the line of forest, stretched acres of fields and scattered farms and distant villages, each village crowned with a church spire, and beyond them again further fields and further forest. Immediately below me was the village of St. Gilles, and I could see the church spire, but the chateau was hidden by the trees.

I wished I could feel detached: I wished I could look down on the village of St. Gilles and the walls of the chateau with dispassionate eyes. My morning mood had somehow gone awry. The amusement, the schoolboy sense of fun, was missing; playing at spies hit back, like a boomerang. The feeling of power, of triumph that I was outwitting this little group of unsuspecting people had turned again to shame.

It seemed to me now that I wanted Jean de Gue to have been a different sort of man. I did not want to discover at each step that he was worthless.

I went on gazing at the quiet, secluded village. I could see a line of black-and-white cattle, prodded by a child, ambling past the church, and then from behind me I heard a voice. Turning, I saw the smiling, nodding face of the old cure, riding, of all things, a tricycle, his long cassock hitched above black buttoned boots. It was an oddly touching sight, moving because it was ridiculous.

"It's pleasant there in the sun?" he called.

I felt a sudden urge to confide in him, and I went up to the tricycle and put my hands on the handlebars and said to him, "Father, I'm in trouble. I've been living a lie for the past twenty-four hours."

His face puckered in sympathy, but the nodding head was so much like a mandarin

figure in a china shop that I lost faith the instant I had spoken.

"When did you last make your Confession?" he said to me.

"I don't know," I said. "I can't remember."

He went on nodding, in sympathy, and said, "My son, you had better come and see me later on this evening."

He had given me the answer I deserved, but it was no use to me. Later on would be no good. I wanted to be told now, on the hillside, whether to drive away and leave the people at the chateau to go on with life as best they could.

"What would you think of me," I asked, "if I left St. Gilles, went off and disappeared, and did not come back?"

The smile returned to his pink baby face, and he patted me on the shoulder. "You would never do it," he said. "Too many people depend on you. You think I would condemn you? No, it would not be my place. I should continue to pray for you, as I have always done. Come on now, enough of your nonsense. Remember, if you are depressed and low in spirit it's a good sign. It shows that the bon Dieu isn't far away. Go and finish your cigarette in the sun and think about Him."

He waved his hand and rode off, his cassock catching in the pedal, and I saw him free-wheel down the hill, enjoying his little spin. I watched him turn into the village, avoiding the cattle, and then he dismounted by the steps of the church, placed his tricycle against the wall, and disappeared. I finished my cigarette, climbed into the car, and drove after him through the village and over the bridgeway to the chateau entrance. I saw Gaston by the archway to the outbuilding and called to him to take the car back for Paul. Then I went indoors and up the stairs to the dressing-room, and on the table I found the packet of letters that I remembered seeing in the pocket of the valise.

Among them was one with the name and address of the Carvalet people stamped on the back. I read it through, and it was as I feared. They said that they regretted their unfavorable decision, in view of so much business between us in the past, and especially after the last personal interview they had had with me, but on further consideration they found themselves unable to renew their contract.

To be continued

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## NURSERY TRANSFERS

CIRCUS elephants show their tricks on Iron-on Transfer No. 1000G. In red and blue, they will delight any child when used to decorate clothing or nursery furnishings.



Each transfer sheet comes complete with easy-to-follow directions for applying the motifs. Price 2/6.

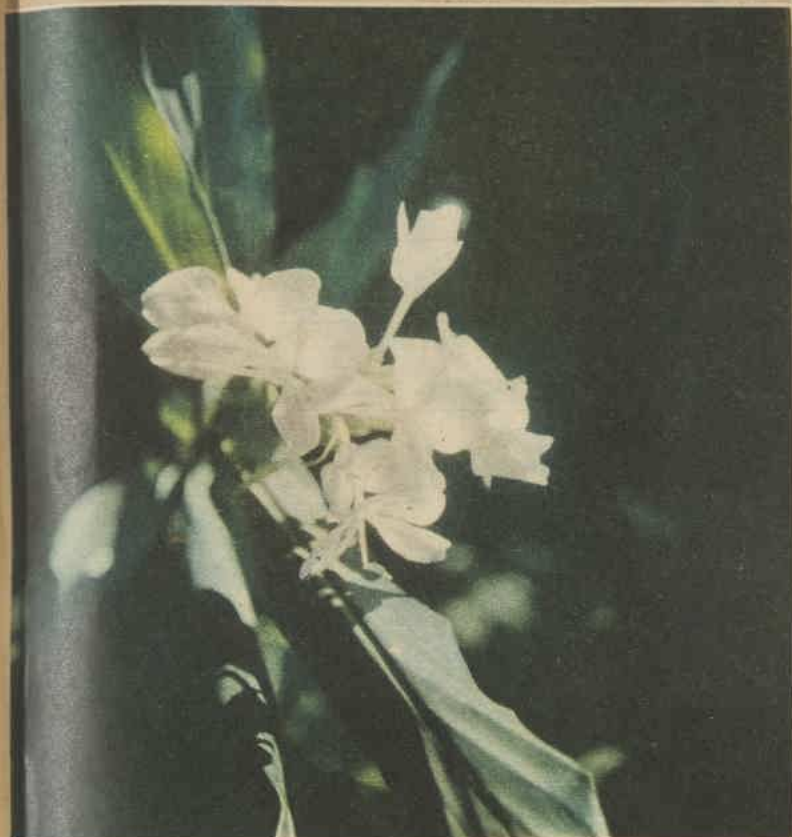
Also available is the pattern shown at left for the little boy's or girl's pyjamas. In sizes to fit 2, 4, 6, and 8-year-olds, the pattern takes 2½ yds. 36in. material. Price 2/-.

Order your transfer and pattern from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.





# LABOR-SAVING PLANTS



**HEDYCHUM**—or ginger plant, as it is commonly known. Two common varieties are easily available from nurseries—this one, *Hedychium flavosum*, and *coronarium*, which is red and yellow. Both grow in clumps to a height of six feet and are hardy as well as being decorative and sweetly perfumed.

- When time is precious and labor-saving is important, gardeners should choose plants that develop into clumps that need only occasional cutting down or cleaning up rather than annuals and spindly perennials.

**THESE** "clump" plants serve several useful purposes, including weed control, space-filling, and ample bloom at low cost.

Those mentioned here are all of perennial habit, making sturdy growth each year, flowering, and either dying to the ground or requiring light pruning.

In selecting plants that take up a fair amount of space and stay in the one place year after year, only those that provide plenty of color and bloom should be considered.

One of the choicest in this category is the perennial wall-flower, *Cheiranthus allioni*. This makes a 3ft. shrub which is smothered with perfumed mauve and tango flowers almost the year round, but particularly during winter and spring.

The red-hot poker (*kniphofia* or *tritoma*) is another, and it makes a solid clump that lasts for many years.

The so-called ginger plant (*hedychium*) is rhizomatous, like the true ginger and the canna, to which it is related.

*Echium*, or *Pride of Madeira*, also known as *Viper's Bugloss*, forms wide, leafy clumps and throws out tall spikes or panicles of blue flowers following rose-pink buds.

Some of the varieties will grow to 11ft., and have hairy leaves and white flowers. But the variety mostly grown is *E. vulgare*, which rarely exceeds 2½ft.

The Yarrows or *Achilleas* also form dense clumps after a year or two, and require regular lifting and breaking up, as they are rather weedy in habit and sucker very freely.

Some are bright yellow, others white, and *Cerise Queen* is a pinky cerise. All produce useful flowers for cutting.

*Chelone*, or *Turtle Head*, with its graceful spikes of scarlet flowers, has jumped into popularity in recent years. It will grow into a handsome clump in a very few years, and makes a dazzling display when in full blossom.

The turtle heads are also obtainable in

white, pink, and rose-purple. They do well in cool, moist soils.

The old perennial lupins and the taller, newer Russell lupins make ideal clumps in a couple of years from seed-sowing.

*Eremurus*, also known as foxtail, desert candle, and giant asphodel, is a hardy, clumpy plant that withstands drought.

Oriental poppy, with its huge blood-red, black-centred blooms, also makes a fine clump after a year or two. There are many other colors, including pure white.

Peonies make splendid clumps in cold districts. There are singles, semi-doubles, and true doubles, with blooms rarely less than 6in. across, and often as much as 9in.

*Meconopsis*, or Himalayan poppy, is another plant that develops into handsome clumps. They mostly grow to 6ft.

*Rudbeckias*, *heliopsis*, *heleniums*, golden glow, *sidalcias*, *senecios*, and *megaseas* also form good clumps, and can be planted in border beds.

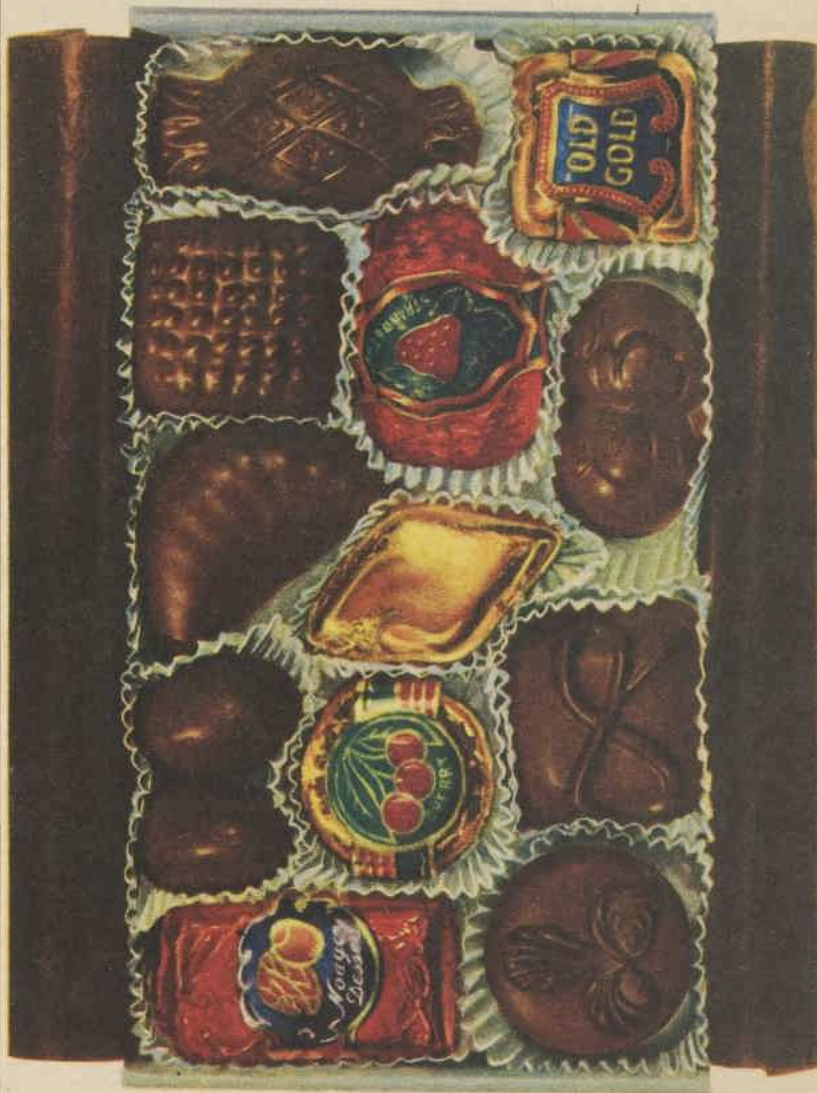


**ORIENTAL POPPIES** have come back in vogue, and in America now vie in popularity with roses and irises. They are perennials, and, once planted, last for years.

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Page 57



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**DO IT YOURSELF.** Buy the "Practical Householder," the splendid monthly magazine that tells you how to do all those odd jobs around the home. Price 2/- at all newsagents.

Page 58

# A TOUCH OF GARLIC

● Simple dishes made from inexpensive ingredients can become Epicurean delights when flavored discreetly with a touch of garlic.

**THE** exact amount of garlic varies with individual taste, so be sparing when trying a garlic recipe for the first time and increase quantity gradually.

Garlic flavoring is suitable for cooked meat, fish, and vegetable recipes as well as summer salads.

Try these recipes below and see how the hint of garlic steps up the flavor without being overpowering.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

### VEAL GOULASH

Two pounds breast of veal, 1 large onion, 1 clove garlic, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika, 2 cups boiling water, 2 tablespoons flour, ¼ cup cold water, 1 large tomato, ½ cup sour cream, 8 small potatoes.

Cut veal into cubes and brown lightly in a little fat. Add chopped onion and garlic, cook without browning 2 or 3 minutes. Add salt, paprika, and water, simmer gently 1½ hours. Add sliced tomato, then stir in flour which has been blended with cold water. Bring to the boil, place peeled potatoes on top. Cover with closely fitting lid, cook 20 minutes or until potatoes are just tender. Add cream just before serving.

### VEAL CHOPS SUPREME

Six veal chops, fat for frying, ½ cup diced celery, ½ cup diced onion, 1 clove crushed garlic, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, 1 egg.

Have butcher cut chops as thick as possible. Cut a pocket in side of each chop, fill with the prepared seasoning. To make seasoning, saute finely diced onion and garlic in a little fat, then add celery, cook further 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Remove from pan, add breadcrumbs, parsley, season with salt and pepper, bind with beaten egg. Secure opening with cocktail sticks, arrange chops in thickly greased baking-dish, brush top with a little melted fat, and bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes.

### DEVILLED MEAT BALLS

Two cups finely minced steak, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons grated apple, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 clove garlic, ¼ cup tomato sauce, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon horseradish or prepared mustard, pepper and salt to taste, 1 pint well-seasoned brown or tomato flavored sauce, 1 small onion.

Combine meat, breadcrumbs, apple, parsley, crushed garlic,



SMALL baked whole tomatoes and green peas are served with these piquant-flavored Veal Chops Supreme. If desired, pork or lamb chops could be treated in the same way. See recipe this page.

½ cup tomato sauce, vinegar, horseradish or mustard, salt and pepper, bind with beaten egg. Shape into small balls with lightly floured hands. Place in saucepan with 1 pint sauce and sliced sauteed onion. Cover closely, simmer ¾ to 1 hour. Serve piping hot.

### LEG OF LAMB BRETONNE

One leg of lamb (3 to 3½ lb.), 1 rasher fat bacon, 1 or 2 cloves garlic, small whole carrots, parsnips, onions, potatoes, 1 tablespoon fat, salt, pepper.

Remove excess fat from meat. With sharp-pointed knife, stab meat all over, piercing through to the bone, and insert small pieces of bacon

and garlic. Place meat in greased baking-dish, add sufficient water to cover base of dish.

Spread fat over meat, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Bake in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours. Add carrots, parsnips, onions, and potatoes (prepared in the usual way as for baking), continue cooking until meat is tender, turning vegetables while cooking. Serve garnished with parsley.

### SAVORY FRENCH BEANS

One pound green beans, 2 teaspoons salt, 2 rashers lean bacon, 2 cloves garlic, white sauce.

Wash beans, remove strings and cut into small strips. Cook quickly in boiling salted water until just tender, drain. Finely dice the bacon and heat in frying-pan until fat is transparent, add finely crushed garlic and cook until bacon is crisp. Add beans and saute, stirring constantly for 3 minutes. Serve piping hot with a coating of white sauce.

**White Sauce.** One pint milk, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons flour.

Melt butter, stir in flour and salt, cook over low heat 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until sauce is boiling, cook 3 minutes longer.

**Note:** Other green vegetables such as peas, shredded cabbage, and spinach and small Brussels sprouts can be cooked and served in this way.

## £5 PRIZE FOR SWEET

An unusual but simply made, delicious sweet, which can be served in winter or summer, wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest.

**IDEAL** for serving with summer salads or substantial winter dinners, this sweet combines the flavors of dates and figs. It can be dressed-up to serve on a

gala occasion or served simply at a family dinner.

### BISHA COUPE

Quarter pound stoned dates, 3 chopped tinned peaches, 3 tablespoons sherry, ½ lb. figs, 1

tablespoon peach syrup, ½ pint prepared vanilla custard, lemon juice, whipped cream, extra dates or cherries.

Place chopped dates and figs in a saucepan with sufficient water to cover. Cook gently until soft, turn out on to enamel plate to cool. Add a squeeze of lemon juice, peaches, and syrup. Chill. Divide among six sundae glasses or sweets dishes, and sprinkle each with sherry. Pour a thin layer of custard over each, and decorate with whipped cream and half a stoned date or cherry.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Panigas, Box 9 Kairi, Nth. Qld.

## Let baby play in safety

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

**EVERY** baby at the crawling stage and every active toddler should have his own domain where he is free to play without undue adult interference.

Parents cannot spare time always to be watching over an active baby, therefore they should accustom him to kick, roll, and take his exercise in a play-pen long before he is ready to walk.

Make sure the play-pen and its equipment are safe. The best type of play-pen has a wooden floor raised some inches off the ground to avoid draughts and dampness.

It should have hinged sides folding inwards, so it can be carried easily, and large castors for easy movement from place to place. A folding floor is another advan-

tage, because it is easily packed for travelling.

When baby outgrows this first play-pen, a safely enclosed verandah or a special play-room should be planned for his indoor play. The equipment should include a large cupboard or a box with low shelves to hold his toys.

For outdoor play, a sand-pit (sand is the ideal play material), wooden shovels or spoons, small safe slides, a see-saw and climbing frame, and other safe equipment should be provided.

A chapter on play and suitable play equipment is included in my parentcraft book—"You and Your Baby."

The fifth enlarged and revised edition of this is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Price is 15/- plus 9d. postage. Please print names and addresses clearly.

## FAMILY DISH

**THIS** week's family dish is a delicious combination of cod fillets and tomatoes and onion served with spaghetti. It costs approximately eight shillings and threepence, and serves five.

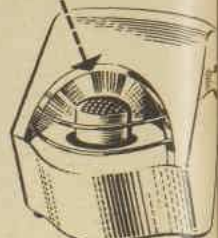
### SAVORY COD WITH SPAGHETTI

One pound cooked cape cod fillets, 2oz. butter or substitute, ½ onion, 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper, 3 large tomatoes, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup stock or water, ½ to ¾ cup grated cheese, ½ lb cooked, drained spaghetti, little extra butter or substitute, salt, pepper.

Cook chopped onion, green pepper, and chopped tomatoes (skins removed) in melted butter or substitute until tender. Add flour blended with stock or water, stir until boiling, simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Add flaked fish, keep hot. Melt a little butter, add spaghetti and cheese, and toss lightly until thoroughly heated. Serve piping hot, and topped with fish mixture, seasoned to taste if necessary.

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Installation is so easy—just a matter of minutes—and requiring, usually, only hammer and nails.

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This is the board to create colourful, telling displays. Timbrock Facto-peg Board enables window and interior displays to be re-designed frequently and inexpensively, keeping them fresh and modern.

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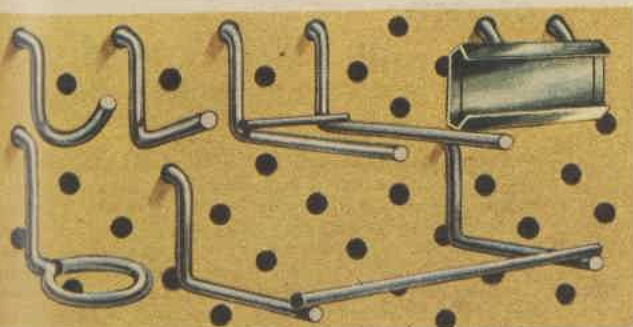
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 10, 1957

Page 59



expected of him. And, above all, he must be alert, watching his chance.

Once the deed was done, nothing would matter. He had nothing to lose but his savorless, unwanted life, and his own exit could be easily arranged. It would be enough to know, before he said goodbye to the world, that Cyril Ludlow was no longer in it.

He walked slowly towards the house, accompanied by his chattering thoughts. They had the effect of surrounding him, walling him in, so that when, arriving at the front door, he glanced back at the smooth, tree-enclosed lawn, he was momentarily astonished at finding himself in this place, or indeed in any place.

Not merely this scene, but the whole visible world, the sky above him and the earth he stood on, seemed suddenly unreal, artificial, a stage set designed for the accommodation of his private tragedy.

Tut, he said to himself, this will never do; the most important thing of all is to keep calm. But when, turning again towards the house, he saw the door open and a woman, a young, blond woman, waiting, all smiles, to receive him, he felt like an actor who has forgotten his words.

"George! Is it really you? How nice to see you!"

"Thank you. How do you do?" said Adversane. "I was admiring your garden. Charming. Most charming."

"Yes, isn't it? It's all Cyril's doing. It was a wilderness four years ago. But do come in; he'll be so delighted."

Aware of her intent scrutiny, he avoided meeting it. To see her, hear her voice again, to have touched her hand, put her actuality beyond doubt. It was a strange experience, undeniably interesting; yet in this first moment he suffered a sense almost of anticlimax.

That she was visibly older did not matter, except that it contradicted his stubborn, irrational imagining. She was still comely, she was still Judith, but with a difference, a subtle difference, for which, as he now

## Continuing . . . The Revenge

from page 21

realised, he had been unprepared.

"I hope you brought pyjamas and a toothbrush," said Judith, glancing at his empty hands. "You're staying the night, aren't you?"

Possibly. Possibly not. He was not yet ready for that question.

"I've left my case in the car. No hurry about it."

He followed her into the house and into a pleasant, square, tall-windowed room, where Cyril Ludlow, looking detestably boyish and jolly in grey flannel slacks and an open-neck shirt, was busy with a cocktail-shaker. And seated at a table, putting the final touches to some work of art, was a fair-haired little boy.

"Ah, George! Now isn't this wonderful! So you've found your way," cried Ludlow, leaping to greet him.

"Without the smallest difficulty," said Adversane, "thanks to your map."

"And this young gentleman," said Judith, "is Dickie. Come, darling, shake hands with Uncle George. And then off to bed with you."

Uncle George! The fatuity of it, the obtuseness, the indecency!

"How do you do, Dickie?" said Adversane. "What are you drawing?"

"Can't you see? It's a ship."

"So it is. And a very good ship."

"I'm doing well, thought Adversane. Avuncularity is easy."

"She's eighty feet long," said Dickie, "and fifty-six feet wide. The masts are forty-five and a half feet long."

A precocious child. And not altogether disagreeable. I wonder if he'll miss his father much? No. Not after the first week.

"And now," said the child's mother, "bedtime. Run along."

"No-oo!" Dickie wailed. "Time for a drink," announced Ludlow noisily. "How about it, George? Will you risk my secret mixture, special-

ity of the house? Or do you prefer sherry?"

Between doting mother and cunning child an argument was proceeding.

"Am I having a bath to-night, Mum?"

"No, darling. Not tonight. Come along, Dickie. Be a nice, kind boy and do as Mummy says."

He ignored the appeal, but presently, after a thoughtful silence, he said: "I say! Mummy!"

"What is it now?" sighed Judith.

"Why am I to be dirty to-night?"

"You're not, darling. Don't be silly. Be a good boy now or Mummy won't love you. You want Mummy to love you, don't you?"

"Not specially," said Dickie. "I want a bath."

"Now then, old chap," said his father, belatedly intervening. "off you go. I'll come and say good-night when you're in bed."

"Will you come and see me brush my teeth?"

Adversane, sipping his cocktail, listened with curling lip. So this is what I have missed! They're well matched, these two.

When at last Dickie condescended to retire, "He's a quaint little boy," remarked Judith.

"Charming!" said Adversane. "Knows how to get his own way, the young rascal," said Ludlow, with great satisfaction.

"So I see."

"Do you disapprove, George?" said Judith quickly. "No! Who am I to disapprove? It's no business of mine. On the contrary, I congratulate you both."

"But," said Judith. "I'm sure there's a but coming. Let's have it, George."

"Not at all. He's a delightful child. I'm sure you're very proud of him. But since you insist on casting me for the role of critic, my dear Judith," he continued heavily, "I'll say this

much. You'd save yourself a lot of trouble if you didn't argue with him. He's cleverer at it than you are, if you'll forgive me. And he enjoys getting you rattled."

"Very likely," said Judith. "I see what you mean. But I don't believe in coercing a child. He must be left free to develop his personality in his own way."

"Believe me," said Adversane, "his personality will take care of itself without your help. No need to coddle it. It doesn't make it easier for a child, it makes it harder in the long run if you insist on treating him as if he were a fully responsible adult. It's too great a burden for a young psyche to carry."

"The modern method—"

—is already old-fashioned and discredited," said Adversane.

Ludlow laughed. "Let's continue the discussion at dinner. No need to starve ourselves."

ADVERSANE, as the three of them took their seats, woke suddenly to a sense of his fantastic situation. This woman, still young, still good-looking, though no longer quite so glamorous, had once been his wife, had presided at his dinner table, with this same Cyril Ludlow as their welcome guest.

Why, to what end, had they contrived this idiotic, this indecent reunion? His mind reverted automatically to its master plan.

He took it to bed with him. And when, after a troubled, dream-haunted sleep, he woke in the small, dark hours, there it was, still nagging away.

The fever had left him. A confusion of drowsy fancies drifted in and out of his mind; but amid the confusion, sounding the death-knell of sleep, tolled the one insistent thought. Time was slipping away; the thing he had come here to do was still not done.

"Why?" he muttered angrily, leaning out of bed to

switch on the bedside lamp. "What's hindering me? What have I been waiting for? Opportunity? Nonsense! I could have made an opportunity."

During the two or three hours after dinner it would have been easy, with his bag of lethal tricks close at hand, to lead the conversation in the direction of dear Cyril's abdominal pains, offer his own distinguished services, and so have the fellow at his mercy. Murder? Not at all! Merely a judicial execution, seven years overdue.

Glancing at his watch, which said a quarter to three, he got out of bed and began dressing. There was still ample time before daylight. The chances were that they were sound asleep, those two, and by using his pocket torch he could get into their bedroom without waking them. And then what?

"Ah, then," said Adversane aloud, nodding at his reflection in the dressing-table mirror, "we shall see, shan't we, Doctor?" He stood staring and smiling, as if sharing a secret joke with the gaunt image that confronted him.

He was roused from his self-communing trance by a loud tapping on the door, three times repeated; and, even as he turned, there she was, no fantasy, but Judith in the flesh, flushed with sleep.

"Oh, George! Thank God you're awake!"

He stared at her curiously, wondering why the sudden sight of her in his bedroom at dead of night failed to disturb him, failed even to interest him.

"Do come, please! It's Cyril. He's taken bad again. He's in dreadful pain. Do come!" she repeated piteously, as if half-expecting a refusal.

"Well I'm damned!" said Adversane.

Shaken out of his sick dream, he smiled, grimly amused by the irony of the situation. Here was his chance. Here, handed to him on a plate, was the opportunity he had so eagerly looked for. To administer an overdose—an overdose that might pass for a tragic mistake. Nothing could be easier.

Yes, here was his chance. he knew instantly, beyond question, that it was his chance at all. He could have an enemy in hot blood or a patient, no.

Pausing only to collect medical gear, he followed ex-wife into the conjugal room. Scene though it was many self-tormenting images on his part, he had no attention to spare for it, went straight to the farther of the two beds, where Cyril writhing and moaning, sight neither pleased nor

treated him. Empty of feeling, he was an impersonal intelligence confronted by a technical problem. The gentleness with which he asked his questions, made examination was equally impersonal, a professional habit. That his patient was Cyril Ludlow was an uninteresting irrelevance.

Gradually, under his ministrations the afflicted man came calmer. The spasm subsiding, he smiled apologetically and shut his eyes.

"He'll be all right now," Adversane, "till morning. I just to make sure I'll give him an injection."

A quarter of a grain of morphine. The standard dose.

Three minutes later, Ludlow peacefully sleeping, joined Judith downstairs.

"I won't trouble you with technicalities, Mrs. Ludlow, there's no immediate cause for alarm. In the morning I must get him into hospital for an X-ray and so on. I'll see him all that."

"How good you are to me, George! How thankful I am that you were here!"

She gazed at him sentimentally, extending both hands in chaste salute seemed to be indicated. Embarrassed, he ignored the gesture.

"No, my dear Judith," said, but not aloud. "You, his, and he's welcome to me. The truth is, I'm not interested in you any more."

The full beauty of this recovery suddenly dawning on him, he gave her a beaming fatherly smile, exulting in new freedom.

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For an extra creamy drink of delicious chocolatey MILO simply take one-and-a-half teaspoons of Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk to one teaspoon of MILO, add hot water and stir, sugar to taste. Mmmmm . . . marvellous!



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Sunshine is perfect for scones, cakes and desserts . . . for sauces and soups . . . for flavoured milk drinks . . . and, of course, for your favourite home-made ice cream. When the recipe says milk—use Sunshine.

With a tin of Sunshine in your kitchen, you always have milk "on tap." Anything you can do with fresh milk you can do with Sunshine. In many ways Sunshine is more convenient . . . you can use it in dry form for many cooking jobs . . . you can store it for ages because it stays fresh and pure to the last spoonful. What's more, Sunshine is so economical. A 3-lb. tin makes two full gallons . . . sixteen pints of rich, full-cream milk. Then Sunshine is such safe milk . . . it's pasteurised for purity, homogenised for extra digestibility and it's made and guaranteed by Nestlé's. No wonder Sunshine is by far the biggest-selling powdered milk in Australia.

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F4587. — Smartly styled front-buttoned one-piece dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.



#### PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F4588. — Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make tailored blouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 2/6.



## Fashion PATTERNS

F4592. — Flattering design for the older woman. Features a cross-over bodice and skirt with side pleats. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material or 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-.

F4589. — Slender sheath dress can be made with short or below-elbow sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Sketch A, 2½yds. 54in. material; sketch B, 3½yds. 36in. material. Both A and B require ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/-.

F4590. — Pretty late-day dress can be made with short or below-elbow sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Sketch A, 5½yds. 36in. material; sketch B, 4yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-.



F4591. — Small girl's front-buttoned one-piece dress. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1½ to 2½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/-.

### NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

#### No. 597.—MATRON'S SLIP

Tailored slip is obtainable cut out ready to make in no-iron plisse. The color choice includes white, pastel pink, blue, lemon, and green. Sizes 38 and 40in. bust 39/11; 42 and 44in. bust 42/8. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

#### No. 508.—SMALL GIRL'S NIGHTGOWN

Prettily yoked nightgown is obtainable cut out ready to make in summer-breeze cotton. The material features a zig-zag design in blue and white only.

Sizes: Lengths 29in. for 2 years, 36/6; 32in. for 3 to 4 years, 29/9; 37in. for 5 to 6 years, 32/3; 41in. for 7 to 8 years, 35/9. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

#### No. 509.—DUCHESS SET

Three-piece set obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes white and cream Irish linen and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Price 8/11. Postage 9d. extra.

#### No. 510.—ONE-PIECE DRESS

Smart Empire-line dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in printed cotton featuring a cameo design. The color choice includes mauve and white on a blue ground, rose and white on a pink ground, and lemon and white on an aqua ground.

Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 27/3, 36 and 38in. bust 29/11. Postage and registration 4/- extra.

Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.



• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address: Box 4800, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.



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COUGH MIXTURE containing LANTIGEN anti-cold vaccine



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Ouch! Relieve the pain of that boiling water burn — seal out germs with pure 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly. It's a first aid kit in a jar. Economy size — 3/11. Standard size — 2/6.

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L 106 HPC WW 10/7/57

## Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, is investigating a mysterious beauty contest which has been won by **PRINCESS NARDA**. The police are interested in the contest, too, because although three prizes were offered, only one is to be awarded. The promoter says he has no orders from the unknown spon-

sor to award a second and third. Meanwhile Narda and Mandrake follow the sealed instructions they have received from the sponsor of the contest. They go to an empty field at a certain time and wait. Suddenly a beam from the sky draws them up into the air. **NOW READ ON:**



TO BE CONTINUED

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RU



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 10, 1957



I always insist on Tek™



SAYS TENNIS CHAMPION Ken Rosewall because

**Tek** is the best toothbrush money can buy!



You'll be better protected by **BAND-AID** ADHESIVE BANDAGES



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 10, 1957

**TEENA** *little teeny*



THE MAN I MARRY HAS GOTTA HAVE—



AN ELEGANT ESTATE IN TOWN AND A HUGE RANCH IN THE HILLS AND A WHOLE PLANTATION ON A SOUTH SEA ISLAND, AND EACH PLACE HAS TO HAVE A SWIMMING POOL AND A DISHWASHING MACHINE...



AND HE'S GOTTA HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY ME A NEW DRESS EVERY DAY... SOMETIMES TWICE A DAY... WITH MATCHING FURS AND JEWELS...



AND HE'S GOTTA HAVE A YACHT, A MOTOR LAUNCH, AND A SAILBOAT AND A HELICOPTER, AND A PRIVATE JET TRANSPORT EIGHT-ENGINE JOB.



AAAAAND HE'S GOTTA HAVE A CAR IN EVERY NEW COLOR, PLUS A CONVERTIBLE AND A SPORTS CAR, AND A BICYCLE.....

HOW'D THE BICYCLE GET IN THERE?



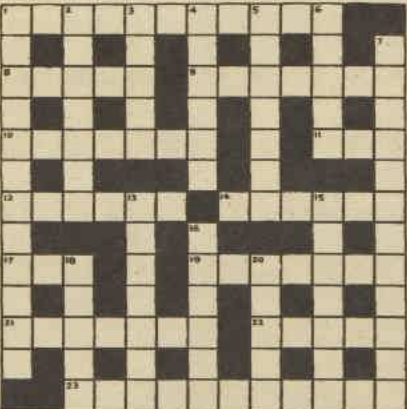
OH..... WELL, THAT I FIGURE HE'S GOT ALREADY.. *little teeny*

**THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD**

- ACROSS**
1. He is not working for the Postmaster-General (5, 6).
  8. Mixes a female rabbit caught in a steamer (3).
  9. 23 across would call wedlock this (3-4).
  10. Just an S but a sizeable one? (7).
  11. Omnibus fitting in a fairy-tale omnibus (3).
  12. Relative is in a disturbed rest (6).
  14. Building or assembly and a great statesman if ill (6).
  17. Color in a reredos (3).
  19. Take it with an angle to get a jelly (7).
  21. Cotton fabric once exported from China (7).
  22. A buffoon with a low middle (5).
  23. Whatever they are, they are no lady-killers (11).

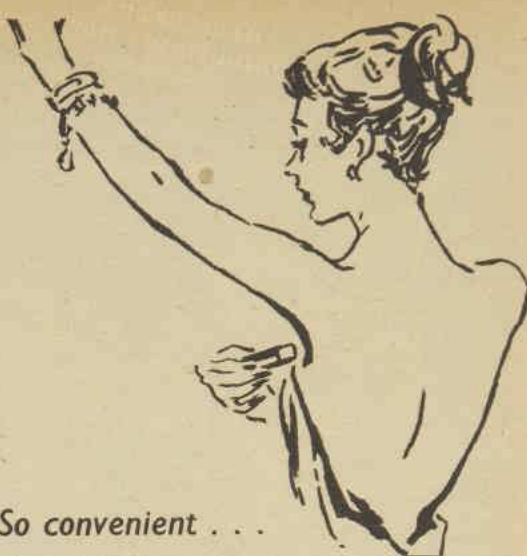


Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

- DOWN**
1. Joint of mutton with a leap to be found on a cycle (6, 6).
  2. Sucks up sailors and spheres (7).
  3. Body of persons with legal authority hiding a steamer in a poet (5).
  4. Entangle as in a net (6).
  5. Somewhat of great linear extent and its inside could sing (7).
  6. Pertaining to the country (5).
  7. Anything done so it is done to perfection, but not in round figures (2, 2, 3, 5).
  13. Squeeze out with speeding train (7).
  15. Provisions in roast (7).
  16. Urge a pin to make a drink (6).
  18. Coarse, twilled cotton fabric (5).
  20. Saying "Hullo" to a Cumbrian you produce a substitute (5).



So convenient...

**NEW ODO-RO-NO PUSH-UP STICK DEODORANT**

Just push-up! Stroke it on! One stroke wipes out perspiration odor instantly!

Protection starts the second you smooth on this superior new stick deodorant. One quick motion and NEW ODO-RO-NO banishes odor and all signs of underarm moisture... keeps clothes fresh and free from ugly stains. Only the ODO-RO-NO triple combination formula gives:

- NEW glide-on action that dries as you apply instantly sponges up excess moisture.
- NEW instant ingredient that destroys odor on contact.
- NEW skin softener to smooth sensitive underarms. Try ODO-RO-NO Stick in the handsome plastic case today... it's ideal for you... for him... for every member of your family.



NEW INSTANT **ODO-RO-NO** PUSH-UP STICK DEODORANT

ODO-RO-NO's round the clock protection is also available in cream and spray form.



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act in 3 main ways to keep you fit, active and attractive, free from rheumatic, joint and muscular aches and pains.

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- (1) Supply trace elements and electrolytes you daily need to renew your body tissues.
- (2) expel surplus fluid by gentle osmosis and diuresis, and (3) help regulate your body functions.

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are used by more than a million people, they are harmless and safe for the most delicate persons and treatment costs you only a few pence a day.

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will help keep you and yours active and attractive—free from crippling, painful rheumatism, fibrositis, aching joints and muscular pains. Get them everywhere for 9/- or 5/- and start this famous treatment today.

**Quick Relief from BRONCHITIS**

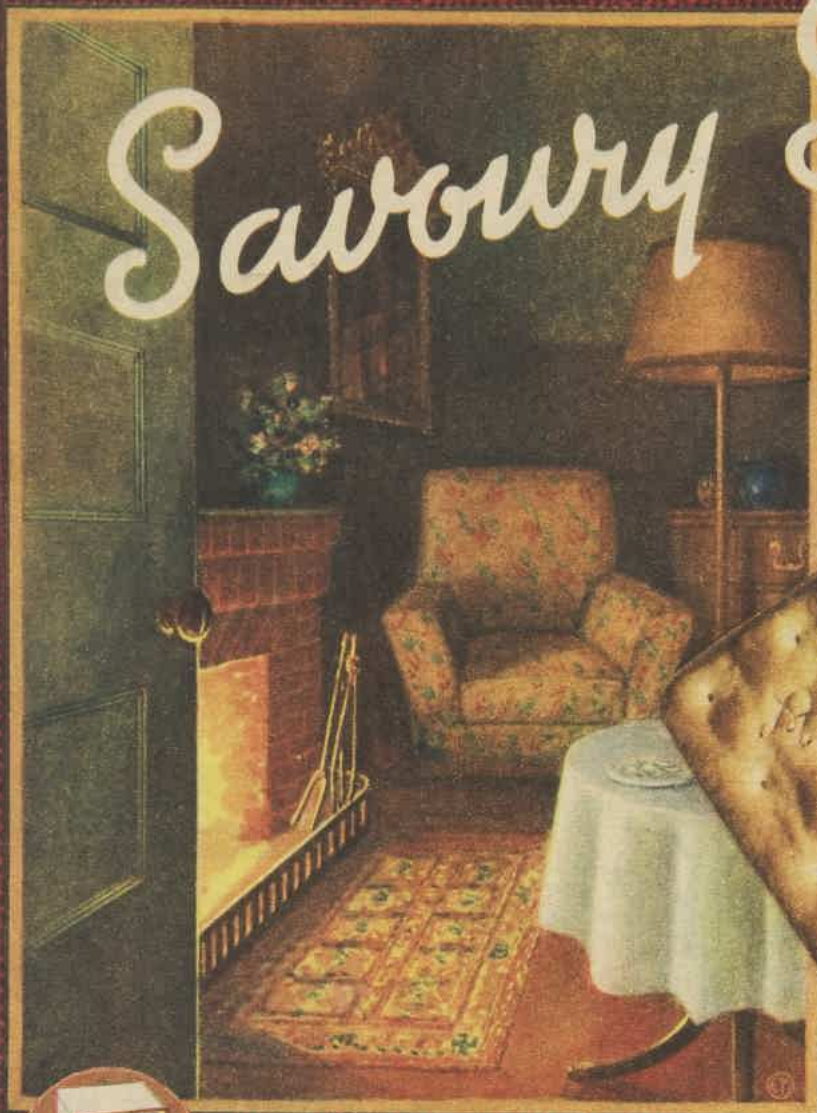
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AS-MO-LETS, the modern medical treatment for Asthma, have been found remarkably effective in cases of chronic Bronchitis and Catarrh. You'll marvel how just one tiny tablet will bring immediate, positive, lasting relief. As-mo-lets do more than merely soothe: they reduce the inflammation from WITHIN, acting through the blood-stream. As-mo-lets are sold by all chemists, without prescription, and are completely safe, even for children. Ask your chemist about them—8/6 a bottle.

**WINTER IS THE TIME FOR...**  
... **KNITTING.** And what you need is *The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book*, with 43 designs for men's, women's, and children's wear, all complete with instructions. Price 2/- at all newsagents.



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Only  
**Arnott's**  
*make*  
**Sao (Regd.)**  
**Biscuits**



At home on cold nights butter the "SAOS."  
Grate a little cheese over them, and then sprinkle with  
pepper.  
One minute in a hot oven and serve hot.

*There is no Substitute for Quality.*